Maryland
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1910
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Camp Songs for the Soldier

AND

Poems of Leisure Moments

BY

Gen'l Wm H. Hayward.

Published by
106 W. Balt. St.
Baltimore
1864

PREFACE.

This little Book of Songs and Poems, some of which were written years ago, and others since the commencement of the present Rebellion, without the intention of publication, is now issued, not for speculation nor to acquire fame as a writer, but simply to gratify the urgent and repeated solicitations of a number of loyal friends, who have listened to many of them in the Concert Room, Hospital and Camp.

We make no pretensions to being a poet, but have written merely for pastime and amusement, and to preserve in a crude manner, the remembrance of many little incidents of loyalty and affection upon the battle-field, on the part of our brave boys, who are now offering their lives in defence of their Flag and the Flag of their Fathers.

If these poor effusions, hastily written, should serve to while away the occasional tediousness of camp life, and smooth the front of grim visaged war, with a smile and a cheer, the writer will be fully compensated for his trouble. With regard to the loyal public, he would of course wish to have their good opinion, but as he does not write for pecuniary benefit, or claim any merit as a poet, as already remarked, he hopes the pen of criticism will not be directed against him.

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by." W. H. H.

MARYLAND STATE
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Camp Songs for the Soldier.

THE PATRIOT ISHMAEL DAY.

Come forth my muse, now don't refuse,
Assist me in this lay,
To sing of one—"My Maryland's" son—
The Patriot Ishmael Day.

One Monday morn, at early dawn,
The hour when good men pray,
A Rebel host, with threats and boast,
Came on to scare old Day.

He soon had word—the noise he heard
In the distance far away,
That Gilmor's men were coming then
To capture Ishmael Day.

That's what's the matter—Oh, what a clatter!
I'll keep them awhile at bay,
'Till I hoist my flag, of which I brag—
Said the brave old Ishmael Day.

On rushed the crowd, with curses loud,
Begrim'd with dust and gray;
My flag I'll nail to the garden pale,
And die by it, said Day.

The thieving horde came down the road—
They had no time to stay—
"Our flag is here"—touch it who dare,
Shouted old Ishmael Day.

A trooper rushed, with whiskey flushed,
Swore he'd take that rag away—
Let any man dare try that plan,
I'll shoot him, says old Day.

He feared the cock of his old flint lock
Might miss, so this prayer did say,
That a load of buck shot might pepper him hot
By the hands of Ishmael Day.

On the raider came—old Day was game—
Reb swore that flag should'nt stay,
With a curse and a frown, cried, down with it, down,
Bang! blazed away Ishmael Day.

Flint lock he could trust, for down in the dust
The traitorous Rebel lay;
Crying, spare my life, I'm tired of this strife—
So am I, said Ishmael Day.

Now let each loyal heart, in our cause take a part,
Do his duty—watch, fight and pray,
Shoulder his gun, stand by, never run,
And imitate Ishmael Day.

Then we boldly say, a few men like Day,
With guns, ammunition at hand,
We need not be afraid of Gilmor's next raid
On the soil of "My Maryland."

I now close my song, for fear it's too long,
On this subject I could much more say—
Let us all shout Hosanna to the Star Spangled Banner,
And hurrah for brave Ishmael Day!

THE UNION FOREVER.

AIR—*Rosin the Bow.*

Come all ye Bunker Hill heroes,
And Southerners valiant and true,
Come join in the great Union movement,
And forever kind friendship renew.

CHORUS.

Then stand by our colors so true,
Then stand by our colors so true,
We are bound by our loved Constitution,
Its wisdom will guide us safe through.

Let the East and the West quickly rally,
Support to the Union is due—
Come forth from each hill-top and valley,
And hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.
Chorus.

Old Maryland, true to the Union,
Has only one course to pursue,
She stands by our loved Constitution,
With Washington always in view.
Chorus.

She will never desert her bright colors,
Nor join any sectional crew;
Her fate is bound up in the Union,
In her Flag—the Red, White and Blue.
Chorus.

Let us have no more agitation
About the nigger—stop cry and hue—
Then prosperity will bless this great nation,
And every happiness, too.
Chorus.

Then join in the Union ovation,
It is right for the people to do—
We will gather true hearts to our standard,
And hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.
Chorus.

THE CLIPPER'S UNION SHIP.

AIR—*Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

Johnson of Tennessee,
And Lincoln always true,
Who goes first mate
Of the ship of State,
With a gallant Union crew.

CHORUS.

Then let us sing this song:
Come all the brave and the free,
We will volunteer for our country dear,
Our Flag aloft we see.

Crowd every stick of sail,
And bend the gallant mast,
Catch every breeze
That skims the seas,
Our good ship's sure and fast.
Chorus.

With the Union at the fore,
The Stars and Stripes on high,
Rake aft and wide,
With full broadside,
Make Rebel traitors fly.
Chorus.

Fling out our Ensign bold,
The ship of State sails free,
Old Ironsides
Will breast the tides—
Our Flag aloft we see!
Chorus.

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON ARE THE MEN.

AIR—*Yankee Doodle.*

Lincoln and Johnson are the men
The people can confide in,
To carry these United States,
By voting—not by fighting.

CHORUS.
Lincoln and Johnson are the men
We will now support, sirs;
They are true and national—
They will be our choice, sirs.

Let the North meet with the South.
Shake hands in friendly Union—
Raise our glorious standard up—
Put down all disunion.
Chorus.

Let the East—the mighty West—
Come with all their banners—
From the ice-bound Northern lakes,
From the hot Savannahs.
Chorus.

Place Abe and Andy in the Chair of State,
Where the Country wants them;
Honor to the good and great,
Always shall surround them.
Chorus.

Then the nation will be safe,
From all vile seceders,
Mechanic arts revive again,
Under such loyal leaders.
Chorus.

"I'll Fight on This Line All Summer."

"UNCLE SAM GRANT."

Air—*Rosin the Bow.*

The Army of the Potomac,
Commanded by Uncle Sam Grant,
That marches and fights to conquer—
Their praises now we chant.

Chorus.
Hurrah for Uncle Sam Grant,
Our old stove-pipe hat Grant,*
Who will fight on this line all summer,
But that our flag in Richmond he'll plant.

The Southern Rebels boasted,
Said the Northern scum would fly;
Lee swore he'd never surrender,
But in the *last ditch* would die.
Chorus.

In the Wilderness, brave Grant moved forward,
On Lee's chosen ground to fight:
For eight long days he battled,
For our flag and cause so right.
Chorus.

---

* When Grant was on the Mississippi he wore a very tall, shocking bad hat; from this the soldiers nick-named him, "Old stove-pipe hat Grant."

He pressed his columns forward,
Said, *"This line I'm bound to fight on;*
If it takes me all the summer,
The victory must be won!"
Chorus.

The shot and shell rained fearful—
Grant made all his charges tell;
But many a brave-hearted hero
For the Union fighting fell.
Chorus.

Bold Sedgwick, of Gettysburg fame,
With Porter and Wadsworth, the brave—
They died for their flag and country,
The Union and nation to save.
Chorus.

Cheers for Meade, who ne'er knows when he's beaten,
Who's valor saved "My Maryland;"
His name Baltimoreans hold dear—
Born to fight as well as command.
Chorus.

With Hancock, and noble true Warren,
Always first to advance, hold their ground—
Their bold deeds are recorded in glory—
In the hottest of the fight ever found.
Chorus.

Lee at last, advancing backwards,
Towards Richmond cast a sigh,
On his knees says, Oh! grant my prayer,
Let me bid my ragamuffins good-bye.
Chorus.

My kingdom is bursted to thunder,
To hold out longer I can't—
Alas! I must now knock under
To the flag of the *Union* and *Grant.*
Chorus.

Re-elect Honest *Abe* President,
For Vice *Andy* of Tennessee—
Grant us *Grant* for Commander-in-Chief,
Then the country will prosper—be free.
Chorus.

HURRAH! HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!

History of the Rebellion in Baltimore, April 19, 1861.

1

Come join us in our Union song,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We to the United States belong,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Let North and South and East and West
By the Union stand which our fathers blest.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

2

The Constitution and the laws,
Hurrah!
Shall guide us in our glorious cause,
Hurrah!
Be this the Union platform then—
Peace on the earth—good will to men.
Hurrah, &c.

3

By our good flag stand firm and true,
Hurrah!
The stars and stripes, red white and blue,
Hurrah!
This flag o'er Washington did wave,
Its glory shall the Union save.
Hurrah, &c.

4

The Police Board may rear in vain,
Hurrah!
With General, Colonel, Marshal Kane,
Hurrah!
Secession flags have had their day,
We now the stars and stripes display.
Hurrah, &c.

5

Nineteenth of April, oh! what a fix,
Hurrah!
Maryland must secede with Gov. Hicks,
Hurrah!

Old Cæsar they tried to bully you know,
He said they might all to the devil go.
Hurrah, &c.

6

They said he burut the bridges, kindled all the fires,
Hurrah!
He proved them to be most darnation liars.
Hurrah!
He saved the State from the sword and the flame,
A mouument we'll raise to perpetuate his name.
Hurrah, &c.

7

Tho' we may respect and honor Gov. Hicks,
Hurrah!
Don't forget Maryland's favorite—Maj. Gen. Dix,
Hurrah!
We have read his proclamation on his platforin agree,
The Union and flag we are fighting for—not to set the niggers free.
Hurrah, &c.

8

At New Orleans he gave the order some have forgot,
Hurrah!
First man that hauled the flag down, on the spot should be shot,
Hurrah!
This alone will immortalize Major General Dix,
Three cheers for the hero and Gov. Hicks,
Hurrah, &c.

9

Nineteenth of April, Massachusetts blood did run,
Can't hurrah over that!
John Kettlewell said it was a second Lexington,
Hurrah!
The clubs and paving stones in showers fell thick,
Southern hospitality in shape of a brick.
Hurrah, &c.

10

To *Bradley Johnson* word was sent,
Hurrah!
That blood run knee-deep on our pavement,
Hurrah!

That he must send ten thousand down
To help the Pelicans take the town.
Hurrah, &c.

11

But Mr. Johnson did not come,
Hurrah!
For he heard us Union boys were some,
Hurrah!
To the Vigilance Committee he sent his card,
Told them to call out the Maryland Guard.
Hurrah, &c.

12

Some guns were seized by Capt. Hare,
Hurrah!
Kane said he be d——d if that was fair,
Hurrah!
He wanted them, as some do say,
To shoot all the soldiers that passed this way.
Hurrah, &c.

13

At Kane, from Fort Sumter a cannon ball was shot,
Hurrah!
Considering the distance, wasn't it hot,
Hurrah!
Addressed to the Brig. General of the Southern Confederation,
Head-Quarters Holliday Street, Middle Police Station.
Hurrah, &c.

14

There guns, and cannon, and balls were found,
Hurrah!
And a train of powder laying loose all around,
Hurrah!
Each good seceder was to have a gun apiece,
Furnished by the *reform model* impartial Police.
Hurrah, &c.

15

Gen. Banks smelt a mice—being wide awake,
Hurrah!
At three in the morning the Marshal did take,
Hurrah!

There in the Fort let him secede and his Police too,
Maryland says she'll be d—d if she do.
Hurrah, &c.

16

I most forgot in my report—
Hurrah!
The Pelicans one night went to take the Fort.
Hurrah!
They went so near they saw a darned big gun,
Oh! good Lord how they did run.
Hurrah, &c.

17

Bravo General Scott is a trump who never did run,
Hurrah!
Takes the responsibility—*takes* Winan's steam gun,
Hurrah!
Says the Writ of Habeas Corpus is all very well,
But it is *non cum atibus in swampo* when we rebel,
Hurrah, &c.

18

Steamer St. Nicholas went down the bay,
Hurrah!
A French Lady a passenger stole right away,
Hurrah!
But Horner and Carmichael captured the French enemy
And landed Col. R. H. Zarvona Thomas safe in Fort McHenry.
Hurrah, &c.

19

There let the Zarvona stay for a while,
Hurrah!
If he can't steal steamboats I'm afraid he'll spile,
Hurrah!
To be crammed in a bureau in July hot season,
Was considered by the cabinet-makers misprison of treason.
Hurrah, &c.

20

To get him out of this metamorphus
Hurrah!
Takes 44 Writs of Habeas Corpus,
Hurrah!

Let him keep on his crinoline while the weather is hot,
Till a straight jacket is made for him by General Winfield Scott.
Hurrah, &c.

21

The Legislature! oh, *what* a *bully* set,
Hurrah!
Illegally together at Frederick city met,
Hurrah!
Their *bill of safety* did not exactly pass.
Tho' backed up hill by a long-eared *jack ass*.
Hurrah, &c.

22

Another bill they would put thro',
Hurrah!
Let rioters go *Scott*-free, no matter what they do,
Hurrah!
But with Judge Bond on the bench justice will be done,
In spite of Teackle Wallis's extra legislation.
Hurrah, &c.

23

Then a Convention they would call,
Hurrah!
Farmer of *Linganore* said, no, no—narry call,
Hurrah!
So Coleman Yellott swore Jeff Davis he must see,
Got mad and went to Montgomery.
Hurrah, &c.

24

For Coleman let us amen nightly pray,
Hurrah!
That there he may stay with his friend Henry May,
Hurrah!
With the seven thousand that took Fort Sumter let him remain,
If he wants more good company chuck in Bob McLane.
Hurrah, &c.

25

Bob McLane swore the Susquehanna should the North and South divide,
Hurrah!
That nothing but blood should run up its rapid tide,
Hurrah!

Then what a rebellion among the small fry and big fish, if he had his wish,
Some would be Union shad, (large shad,) some secesh fish, (cat-fish.) Hurrah, &c.

26

Where is Burnside? Gone to Davey Jones! What a pity, Hurrah!
Where is Burnside? At Elizabeth city! Hurrah!
Old Wise we would have, only too fast he run,
3,000 F. F. V.'s will release Col. Corcoran. Hurrah, &c.

27

Where is Burnside? he's bobbing all around, Hurrah!
At Roanoke Island he can be found, Hurrah!
The rebels fired their houses, oh, what a rout,
General Burnside turned fireman, helped put them out. Hurrah, &c.

28

General Tilghman—Ft. Henry—bully for old Kentucky, Hurrah!
Old Foote is the Commodore, best leg foremost, always lucky, Hurrah!
He's the chap to manage a flotilla,
Runs a steamboat where the ground is damp after Gen. Pillow. Hurrah, &c.

29

The biggest Bull Run fight yet has been run, Hurrah!
15,000 F. F. V.'s captured by mudsills in Fort Donaldson, Hurrah!
Altho' Floyd did escape, and his sword away flung,
Rogues that cannot be drowned, are bound to be hung. Hurrah, &c.

30

The anaconda folds around Jeff are being bound, Hurrah!
The rebels on the leading points at last will be sound, Hurrah!

Fort Columbus next on the programme is taken,
Repeat the dose if no change, as the doctors say, when taken to be well shaken. Hurrah, &c.

31

The prisoners now safe and snug in Fort Warren,
Hurrah!
Slidell, Mason, Police Board and Com. Barron,
Hurrah!
Must each take the oath, be loyal and true,
Swear never more to haul down the red, white and blue.
Hurrah, &c.

32

They said cotton was king, it is no such a thing,
Hurrah!
Our only king is the Union we sing,
Hurrah!
With the Union we know every blessing will flow,
And the Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, Rally Round the Flag Boys, Rally for the Union, Be true to the Flag will be the only songs to teach our children to know.
Hurrah, &c.

33

Com. Foote steps out bully for old Kentucky,
Hurrah!
Puts his best leg foremost, always sure—lucky,
Hurrah!
Take Tilghman and Buckner, put foot after Price,
New Orleans, Norfolk, Yorktown, Pulaski, Mobile, Richmond, and all the other places what we are going to take, are all big things on ice.
Hurrah, &c.

34

Is Bombadier Brig. Beauregard a witch?
Hurrah!
Say, has the Southern chivalry fought, bled and died in the last ditch? Hurrah!
The migratory Congress which in Richmond did set,
Adjourned all of a sudden — sine die — vamosed — sloped — caved in — absquatulated—did git — and hav'nt done stopped running yet.
Hurrah, &c.

35

Now one thing I'll mention, which I like to have forgot,
Hurrah!
The President, in a hurry, went to see General Scott,
Hurrah!
For five hours together they had a secret conflab,
But what it was all about it is none of your business,
Abe says he's not allowed to blab.
Hurrah. &c.

36

He said it was not to make Generals, or fill up the ranks,
Hurrah!
Only to put a Pope over Gen. Banks,
Hurrah!
Scott and he agreed that the great British nation,
Had better mind their Sepoys, not meddle with secession.
Hurrah, &c.

37

Is my young brave McClellan only safe and sound?
Hurrah!
Oh yes, says Lincoln, in *Richmond* he may be found,
Hurrah!
In him we've every confidence, don't hurry up his cakes,
He'll wade the Chickahominy, and in Virginia wake up snakes.
Hurrah, &c.

38

Like my brave Col. Kenly of the 1st Maryland,
Hurrah!
Who at Front Royal Bridge made a glorious, gallant stand,
Hurrah!
Don't give up—never surrender, was his rallying cry,
We belong to old Maryland, and for that flag we'll die.
Hurrah, &c.

39

Since last we met, have you heard the news,
Hurrah!
Barefoot secesh come to Maryland to get some shoes,
Hurrah!
Such a scratching and combing they do say
In Frederick city was never seen as on that day.
Hurrah, &c.

40

Maryland's seecsh kept off at a distance, full of dread,
Hurrah!
Said there was something running in their Southern friends' heads, Hurrah!
And they didn't like the looks of their dirty ugly mugs,
Tho' we are aristocracy, we don't like too many big bugs.
Hurrah, &c.

41

Lee said they only come to get something to eat,
Hurrah!
They were invited, and expected Maryland to treat,
Hurrah!
You sung My Maryland, you asked us to come
To relieve us of bondage and hang the Union scum.
Hurrah, &c.

42

So now we are here, without corn and grass,
Hurrah!
Every cow, pig and horse, and also jack-ass,
Hurrah!
And hurry up your cakes, we want to get back,
For we hear that dogged McClellan is right on our track.
Hurrah, &c.

43

They dashed ahead and would not halt,
Hurrah!
Wanted some beef and a mouthful of salt,
Hurrah!
He never would have gone so far at the risk of his life,
If he had not known Gen. McClellan had gone to Philadelphia to see his wife. Hurrah, &c.

44

You saw the proclamation of our General Lee,
Hurrah!
That he came to save Maryland with his ragged chivalry,
Hurrah!
Tho' the friends we expected we cannot diskiver;
If this is Maryland, My Maryland, we'll roll up our trowsers clear up as high as we can get them, and wade back across the river. Hurrah, &c.

45

Good-by, old Maryland, your friends to us have lied,
Hurrah!
Go to thunder McClellan, and Hooker and your great Burnside,
Hurrah!
Your Sigel and Kenly we don't want to see,
They are not fit associates for our General Lee.
Hurrah, &c.

46

McClellan is a man we never could bear,
Hurrah!
Whenever he moves our men take a scare,
Hurrah!
We would have been in Washington and Baltimore too,
If McClellan at Antietam hadn't put us through.
Hurrah, &c.

47

Farewell now forever, My Maryland,
Hurrah!
Poor down-trodden State, overrun from Yankee land,
Hurrah!
We'll straggle back to Dixie, only to plunder we will halt
We got a flea in our ear, but didn't get narry mouthful of salt.
Hurrah, &c.

48

Three cheers for the 3d New York Infantry Band,
Hurrah!
Schoppebree, their leader, famous in Maryland,
Hurrah!
They appear here to-night volunteers on this occasion,
For the benefit of the Ladies National Union Relief Association.
Hurrah, &c.

49

Hip for Col. Alford and the 3d with a will,
Hurrah!
Welcome to Baltimore and old Federal Hill,
Hurrah!
You can march with your flag round our city, without fear or dread,
One year ago you would have got a large hole inside of your head.
Hurrah, &c.

50

The Union men of Maryland, My Maryland never can be put down, Hurrah!
Ever true to the flag, like the fair of Towsontown, Hurrah!
The rebels we will teach to honor and respect her,
And we glory in such leaders as Stewart, Ensor and Longnecker, Hurrah, &c.

51

Three cheers for the ladies of Baltimore county, Hurrah!
The sick and wounded soldier they relieve with their bounty, Hurrah, &c.
Dispensing their medicine, comforts and food,
Like angels of mercy going about doing good. Hurrah, &c.

52

To the Zouaves of Federal Hill, at their flag presentation—
The fair of South Baltimore this banner to you bring, Hurrah!
The red, white and blue, of which we love to sing, Hurrah!
It was unfurled and defended on old Federal Hill,
By strong arms and true hearts, who will fight for it still. Hurrah, &c.

53

Orders from the Mayor that this flag should not wave, Hurrah!
South Baltimore rallied, swore the stars and stripes they'd save, Hurrah!
It was lowered for a moment, soon it waved again on high,
E'en the fair of South Baltimore for this flag will die. Hurrah, &c.

54

To the Zouave 5th Regiment, tigers with a will, Hurrah!
Welcome to Union Baltimore, this Fort is your skill, Hurrah!
Your regiment, band, officers, rank and file,
Make friends of your foes by your gallant, dashing style. Hurrah, &c.

55

Secesh don't like your red pantaloons,
Hurrah!
If they take aim you wont come down like the same old coons. Hurrah!
Turn up nose at your turban, say your trowsers are too loose,
Sour grapes, as the fox said, when he couldn't catch the goose. Hurrah, &c.

56

Draw near and listen, now a secret I will tell,
Hurrah!
How to settle this great hubbub in a very short spell,
Hurrah!
I have invented a Panacea better than Brandeth's pills,
If it don't operate, its application never kills.
Hurrah, &c.

57

The best way to settle this rebellion and strife,
Hurrah!
Is for each Northern Zouave to take a Southern wife,
Hurrah!
Then the Union will be safe in woman's love and care—
Soldiers never will secede from the arms of the fair.
Hurrah, &c.

58

Let Charleston, Savannah and every Southern city,
Hurrah!
Lay down arms, send flag of truce by a loyal committee,
Hurrah!
Beg pardon, say they're sorry for what they've done,
Pay the costs, shake hands and swear allegiance at Washington. Hurrah, &c.

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Let every seceder before it is too late,
Hurrah!
Rally round our good old flag, loved by each loyal State,
Hurrah!
Sing Union forever, on one government agree,
Star Spangled Banner wave o'er the home of the brave, and the land of the free. Hurrah, &c.

THE LADIES OF BALTIMORE.

AIR.—*Maryland! My Maryland.*

Oh, how I wish that strife would cease
In Maryland, my Maryland!
That we could live once more in peace,
In Maryland, my Maryland!
That Church and State could once more be
From politics and party free,
And to the Union all agree,
In Maryland, my Maryland!

That ministers would the gospel preach!
In Maryland, my Maryland,
The Bible truths and beauties teach,
In Maryland, my Maryland!
That men divine would watch and pray,
For our dear land both night and day,
And put secession far away,
From Maryland, my Maryland.

Let all sectarians and creeds—
In Maryland! my Maryland!
Be known and honored by good deeds
In Maryland! my Maryland!
Churches are bound by holy writ
To live in Union—not to split,
For them secession is not fit
In Maryland! my Maryland!

May woman dear—best gift to man,
In Maryland, my Maryland!
No more rebel with secesh clan
In Maryland, my Maryland!
Let love and virtue be her guide,
Kindly politeness, without pride,
Pure modesty with her abide
In Maryland! my Maryland!

May they all be loyal—true,
In Maryland! my Maryland!
Domestic duties still pursue,
In Maryland! my Maryland!

Sweet home demands their time and aid,
Base politics is not their trade,
Oh ! why should they thus retrograde,
In Maryland ! My Maryland !

Soldiers called to Washington
Thro' Maryland ! my Maryland !
True ladies would not spit upon,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
Nor turn up nose as they pass by,
Nor " Northern scum" of " mud-sills" cry,
Nor " Lincoln's tools," too mean to die
In Maryland ! my Maryland !

True soldiers will the fair protect,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
Then treat them kindly with respect,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
By soldiers was our country won—
A soldier was our Washington ;
Whose Flag now waves o'er every one,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !

Oh ! why should woman toss her head,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
And wish Abe Lincoln hung quite dead !
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
That Beauregard at once would come,
Make Baltimore his future home,
Drive Union men abroad to roam,
From Maryland ! my Maryland !

Now ladies these things cannot be—
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
Jeff's head alive you ne'er will see—
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
Bradford's our ruler good and true,
The Stars and Stripes he'll keep in view,
And Maryland in the Union too.
My Maryland ! my Maryland !

Our father's Flag, it waves once more,
In Maryland ! my Maryland !
Secession's dead in Baltimore,
Through Maryland ! my Maryland !

Let ladies fair—nice young men too,
Each their walk in life pursue,
Our Union love! be patriots true,
In Maryland! my Maryland!

The rebel F. F. V.'s may rave,
In Maryland! my Maryland!
Their secesh rag can never wave,
In Maryland! my Maryland!
The bone and sinew of our land,
Their interest, safety understand;
Severed they fall, united stand,
In Maryland! my Maryland!

THE FLAG WITH THIRTY-FOUR STARS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-two, by Wm. H. Hayward, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

AIR.—*"Bonnie Blue Flag."*

The Rebels sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag" but we the "Stripes and Stars,"
Our Union Flag we love so true will conquer their Stars and Bars;
Their secesh airs, their *Marylands* are contraband of war,
Our cause is right and the Flag for the fight is one with thirty-four stars.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! for equal rights Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the dear old Flag with every Stripe and Star.

Our song is for the Union, and triumph sure we must,
The cause so just will prosper when in God we place our trust;
Our Flag's our pride, triumphant behold it near and far,
We bear aloft, red, white and blue, with every Stripe and Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Protection we extend to all, the exile finds a home,
In our Columbia's glorious land the stranger's welcome. Come!
They with us heart and hand unite, to crush the rebel war,
And fight for our red, white and blue, with every Stripe and Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The sections of the Union firm, loyal, ever true,
United with the Border States the rebels swift pursue;
With Maryland of Southern clime none dare her bright fame mar,
Stands by our Flag, our own true Flag, with every Stripe and Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Three cheers for brave McClellan, of bold Antietam fame,
Victory crowns his battle Flag, a charm is in his name;
And *Hooker*, *Sigel*, *Kenly* too, who each can show a scar,
Pour out their blood this Flag to save with every Stripe and Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

With *Foote*, *Dupont* and *Rosencrans*, all heroes of the west,
With *Halleck*, *Butler*, *Morris* too, whose valor all attest,
To those who fought in Maryland by old South Mountain side,
Drove Lee and Jackson from our soil across Potomac's tide.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

All honor to the men who fought, tears for the noble dead,
Our country mourns her soldiers brave, whose blood for us was shed;
And every patriot bold and true, enlisted for the war,
God bless them battling for our Flag, with every Stripe and Star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

WHOSE FATHER WAS HE?

"After the battles of *Gettysburg*, *July* 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, a Union Soldier was found, in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die.* In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children, and as he silently gazed upon them, his soul passed away. How touching! How solemn! What pen can describe the emotions of this patriot father as he gazed upon the children, so soon to be made orphans? Wounded and alone, the din of battle still sounding in his ears, he lies down to die. His last thoughts and prayers are for his family. He has finished his work on earth; his last battle has been fought; he has freely given his life to his country; and now, while his life's blood is ebbing he clasps in his hands the image of his children, and, commending them to the GOD of the fatherless, rests his last lingering look upon them."

When, after the battle, the dead were being buried, this soldier was thus found. The ambrotype was taken from his embrace, and has since

been sent to Philadelphia for recognition. Nothing else was found upon his person by which he might be indentified. His grave has been marked, however, so that, if by any means this ambrotype will lead to his recognition, he can be disintered This picture is now in the possession of Dr. Bourns, No 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, who can be called upon or addressed in reference to it. The children, two boys and a girl, are apparently nine, seven and five years of age; the boys being respectively the oldest and youngest of the three. The youngest boy is sitting in a high chair, and on each side of him are his brother and sister. The oldest boy's jacket is made from the same material as his sister's dress. These are the most prominent features of the group. Of what inestimable value will it be to these children, proving, as it does, that the last thoughts of their dying father was for them, and them only.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!

WHO IS HE?

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-three by Wm. H. Hayward, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

Let me gaze upon this picture,
Whilst my life-blood from me flows;
On these dear loved happy faces,
Ere in death my eyelids close.
Next to my heart I wore it—
Not millions could it buy;
Let me see my heart's own treasures,
And kiss them as I die.

Here upon the cold ground lying—
The earth my last lone bed;
No kind friend to watch me dying—
Or know me when I'm dead.
A tender wife and mother,
Doth for my children care,
And nightly bending o'er them,
To God breathes forth her prayer—

That we all may meet together
In peace again once more;
That around the happy fire-side
Kind Heav'n will me restore.
But I feel my pulse grows weaker;
My eyes—I scarce can see!
Still I recognize the features
Of my little boy—'tis he!

My darling boys and loving daughter,
Let none their image tear
From this poor dying, bleeding heart,
Now offering up this prayer—
Oh, God! protect the mother
And these my orphans dear;
I die alone—none near me—
No one to shed a tear.

Some stranger hand will find me—
For me a grave prepare;
On my breast they'll place this picture,
And say they found it there.
Let THE FLAG be wrapped around me—
The Stars and Stripes I love!
I die a Union soldier,
True as the heavens above.

The flowers will bloom as sweetly
O'er the unknown soldier's grave,
With his heart's loved idols near him,
And THE FLAG he died to save.
No stone will mark the spot
Of the stranger 'neath the sod,
Where so peacefully he slumbers,
Unknown—save to his God.

*Since ascertained to have been Sergt. A. HUMERTON, Co. C, 154th N. Y. Vols: whose family now resides in Cattaragus County, New York.

BE TRUE TO OUR FLAG.

Our beautiful flag, Oh! now we see
From every spot and blemish free;
The flag of our Union, bright and fair,
That waves in triumph everywhere.

CHORUS.

Oh! be true—Oh! be true,
True to our beautiful flag so free.
Oh! be true—Oh! be true,
True to our beautiful flag.

Oh! beautiful flag, so pure and bright,
Thy radiant stars are life and light.
Emblem of power, our guide alway,
Thy stars shall never fade away.

CHORUS.

We see thy Stripes and Eagle bold,
And love thee more as we behold
Forever wave on land, and sea,
The *Union Flag* of the brave and free.

CHORUS.

Our Army conquers in their might;
For the *Union* cause is *just* and right.
Our WASHINGTON'S flag in triumph waves,
Borne onward by *McClellan's braves*.

CHORUS.

New Orleans and Charleston too
Must bow to our Red, White and Blue.
O'er all the Cities and Forts once more
The Stars and Stripes we will restore.

CHORUS.

This beautiful flag we soon shall see
O'er Richmond and Sumpter waving free.
Beneath its folds discord will cease,
And North and South rejoice in peace.

CHORUS.

DEDICATED TO THE NEW YORK SIXTY-NINTH IRISH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Of the Irish Sixty-Ninth I sing,
At the battle of Bull Run, sir,
The heroes who stood firm and true
Face batteries full of guns, sir.
Old Erin's honor dear sustain,
March! quick-step, never falter,
On the Union ground pure patriots found,
Vote rebels disgrace with a halter.

Oh! here's to the bold, true Irish boys
Who fight chock-full of fun, sir,
The glorious, gallant Sixty-Ninth,
Made famous at Bull Run, sir.

Red, white and blue, their colors, too,
The banner of the free, sir;
By this flag stand, their adopted land,
Union and liberty, sir.
A soldier's duty only know,
Retreat's not understood, sir;
Brave Corcoran's name, their proudest fame,
For him pour out heart's blood, sir.
So hurrah for the Sixty-Ninth,
Masked batteries face with their guns, sir,
Who can handle also a shillelah, you know,
Fight like the devil as they did at Bull Run, sir.

All honor to the brave who fell
On sad Manassas plain, sir;
The volunteer, who will not fear
The Union to maintain, sir.
Oh! Ireland sends her dearest sons
To fight for every land, sir;
Green be the graves of Erin's braves,
Proud monuments they stand, sir,
Of the glorious, gallant Sixty-Ninth,
Made famous at Bull Run, sir.

Oh! rally then, for the Irishmen,
So lively, brisk and gay, sir,
The glorious New York Sixty-Ninth,
Who fight as well as pray, sir.
Again enlisted for the war,
With a new and brave defender,
Their fame renew, with Nugent true,
Fight, die, but never surrender.
So here's a health to the Sixty-Ninth,
Who love the girls and fun, sir;
Win hearts as they go, they blarney them so,
But can fight as they did at Bull Run, sir.

WHERE IS THAT FLAG, OH, WHERE?

At the battle of "Carnifex Ferry," the color bearer of the 10th Ohio Regiment, Fitzgibbons, who was terribly wounded, as he lay dying, looked up frantically to a companion, and not seeing the colors which he himself carried and grasped with a dying tenacity after he fell, exclaimed in paroxysms of despair, his life blood flowing, "Where is that flag, oh! Heavens, where is it; keep it and preserve it." These were his last dying words.

Where is that flag? *Fitzgibbons* cried,
Confided to my care;
My flag! the glorious Stars and Stripes,
Triumphant everywhere.

I swore to guard and bear it safe,
'Mid flashing cannon's glare;
But wounded, bleeding, here I lie—
Where is that flag, oh! where?

Where armies meet in dread array,
When brave hearts charging, dare
To fight, the Union to maintain,
And death and peril share.

To shield, protect it with my life,
Each Star and Stripe all there;
I grasped and bore it in the fight—
Where is that flag, oh! where?

He raised his sinking, dying head,
With wild, convulsive stare—
Oh! Heavens! where is it? keep it safe,
Preserve the flag I bear.

His pulse grew weak, his eyes grew dim;
His blood fast oozing there;
In agony he faintly sighed,
My flag, my colors, here they are!

And as he gasping now beheld
His flag beside him there,
He died, a soldier's glorious death;
"*Preserve* that flag" his *prayer*.

THE NOBLE C. S. A.

Lee made a raid into Maryland
With his barefoot C. S. A.,
Expecting aid from the Copperhead band
Of Pennsylvania;
He robbed all the hen-roosts that came to hand
To feed his C. S. A.;
He promised them Meade, as I understand,
To treat his C. S. A.
Wonderful, wonderful, C. S. A., C. S. A.
Wonderful, &c.

They came to Gettysburg, they did indeed,
The ragged C. S. A.,
Corks flew out of bottles chock full of Meade
At the chivalry;
They soon found out they could not succeed—
Sad was the C. S. A.;
So hungry, they wanted to get some feed
To save the C. S. A.

Cheers for the Army of the Potomac—
Groans for the C. S. A.;
Clear out of the way when the Union's on the track,
They can wollop the C. S. A.;
O'd Antietams speak their fame—
They drove the C. S. A.;
At *Gettysburg* they did the same—
They routed the C. S. A.

The Army of the Potomac can't be beat
By the C. S. A.;
Gettysburg boys never retreat
From the bob-tail C. S. A.;
Bronzed faces they do not like to meet,
So say the C. S. A.;
I guess they will not their visit repeat—
Good-bye old C. S. A.

Gilmore, and Grant, and Thomas too,
The dread of the C. S. A.,
Licked the poor secesh so they did'nt know what to do—
How are you C. S. A.;

Hurrah for our colors—red white and blue —
It shall wave over the C. S. A ;
We swear by the flag and Union to be true,
And conquer the C. S. A.

Abe Lincoln for President, honest and just,
Is the man for the C. S. A.—
The people in him confide and trust,
And not in the C. S. A. ;
With *Seward* the wise to handle the pen,
We'll scatter the C. S. A.—
And Lincoln to manage the war and the men,
Farewell to old C. S. A.

STAND BY OUR DEAR UNION.

AIR—*Vive la Companie.*

Stand by our dear Union, the true Constitution,
Let us lead in the great Union van,
Be true to the last, by our lov'd flag hold fast,
Vote for none but a true Union man ;
Let our songs be of Union whenever we sing,
Let the tones clear ring, to the Government cling
Death to all traitors wherever they spring,
And all the secession clan.

To the land we love best, the pride of the West,
Our birth-place and home evermore ;
Sing of bright glories past, nail our flag to the mast,
Our country forever adore ;
From mountain and sea, the boast of the free,
And whilst we agree, home for you and for me,
From valley and lake, Union men will awake,
And the Union once more restore.

The States in communion shout out for the Union,
Our country, our pride and our boast,
For her we proclaim, rejoice in her fame,
The Star Spangled Banner our toast ;
Like Washington good, this Union has stood,
He thro' this dread war, will be our bright star,
Our flag will still wave, o'er the home of the brave,
The red, white and blue be our boast.

SOLDIER ARE YOU HUNGRY.

A Regiment of Soldiers was passing through Baltimore to join the Army of the Potomac; on the route a soldier weary and sick sat down upon a door step to rest, a little boy about ten year's of age seeing him, approached him, and in a feeling manner asked him if he was hungry, and then took him by the hand, led him to his father's house and kindly cared for him.

Soldier! are you hungry?
This thing cannot be,
When you're marching—fighting
For my Flag and me;
Come with me to father,
He will treat you right,
His house is always open
To the men who fight.

We have full and plenty
Soldier! come along—
Bring your comrades with you,
Union right or wrong;
We that stay at home
Out of harm and danger,
Must do all we can
For the soldier stranger.

You will find our dwelling
By the flag before it,
Father keeps it waving
So secesh may know it;
Oh! how we love that banner—
Old red, white and blue,
Die for that, no other—
Never own the new.

So come along to father—
He's the soldier's friend,
He will make you welcome,
And each one you send;
Every loyal heart
Must assist each other—
The man who wears a uniform
We love as any brother.

DEDICATED TO THE

NINTH MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS,

As sung on their return from Libby Prison.

The Ninth comes marching home once more,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Welcome back to Baltimore,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Ring all the bells, let people shout,
The 9th from Libby are let out.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay,
When the 9th comes marching home.

At Charlestown, den of Rebel spies,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The 9th was captured by surprise,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
LOVEJOY to kill was their intent,
And RICHARDSON, our Adjutant.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay, &c.

The Provost Marshal of Charlestown,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
True NOBLE, they tried to put down,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The secesh women said he ought to be hung,
But bold defiance at them he flung.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay, &c.

The 10th came up with double quick,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
So they left their wounded and their sick,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To Richmond hurried us away,
In gloomy dungeons there to stay.

CHORUS.—But we'll all be gay, &c.

Brave SWEARER seized our dear old flag,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Swore in the dust it should not drag,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

So he wrapped it round his body strong,
And sang this song as he marched along.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay, &c.

For months he wore it safe, secure,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With it he could his fate endure,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For fear it might by the rebs be found,
He buried it deep in the ground.

CHORUS.—But we'll all be gay, &c.

And when we were paroled, free,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He dug it up, as you now see,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And to old Baltimore once more.
The dear old flag will now restore.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay, &c.

Oh! Libby Prison, horrid den,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Not fit for beasts, they put our men,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
On black bug soup and sour husk bread,
And only once a day half fed.

CHORUS.—But we'll all be gay, &c.

In dirt and filth half starved to death,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our bodies scarce could hold their breath,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We hate the sight of a rebel cuss,
From such, good Lord deliver us.

CHORUS.—And we'll all be gay, &c.

Belle Island graves a tale can tell,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Of brave true hearts who starving fell,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Of heroes, gallant soldiers dead,
Who died while begging crusts of bread.

CHORUS.—Oh! what a sorry day,
When to Richmond we marched down.

Let songs of welcome now resound,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Baltimore boys with them are found,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
On the Roll of Fame inscribed they be,
"Defenders brave of Tennessee."

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

On North Carolina's sands they bled,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For our dear flag their blood was shed,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Thick on the fields are strewn their graves,
And without monuments their braves.

CHORUS—But we'll all be gay.

In every battle since that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They were first and foremost in the fray,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They heeded not the shot or shell,
But fought right on, though comrades fell.

CHORUS—But we'll all be gay.

See on their flag, "*Second Bull Run*,"
Hurrah! Hurrah!
"*South Mountain*" tells the fame they've won,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
"*Fredericksburg*," "*East Tennessee*,"
"*Antietam*" and "*Chantilly*."

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

"My Maryland" is proud this day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And to you all will homage pay,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
True loyal hearts with joy agree,
To welcome you from Tennessee.

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

The wreath of laurel you must wear,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Prepared by Maryland's daughters fair,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
On the Second Maryland let it rest,
Whose bravery all the Rebs attest.

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

On their roll you cannot find a coward,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
There's no surrender under *Howard*,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He never tells the men to go,
But "*forward*," shouts we'll meet the foe.

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

The officers and rank and file,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Are bound to fight, "it is their style,"
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They volunteered the Rebs to scatter,
They'll do it or die, "that's what's the matter."

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

Now cheers we'll give, and three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the Second boys from *Tennessee*,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Who have enlisted all once more,
As veterans brave from Baltimore.

CHORUS—And we'll all be gay.

"THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

AIR—*Scots wha ha wi Wallace bled.*

Seceders, stop! reflect, and pause;
Be not rash without a cause.
Wait for the enforcement of the laws.
Be calm, and act like men.
Let not faction's cruel hand
Like a burning fire-brand,
Scatter terror thro' the land
With the Sword and Pen.

By Washington, our nation's head—
By the noble heroes dead—
By their blood, so freely shed,
Swear, stand firm, and true,
In this dear land of liberty,
Where Fame's monuments we see;
Spare to us this Union Tree—
Mount Vernon—where it grew.

By great Statesmen passed away—
By Webster and a Henry Clay—
By godly men, who nightly pray
For our native land—
By Bunker Hill, her sad camp-fires—
By Yorktown, where the foe retires—
By the graves of slaughtered sires,
Let this Union stand.

Let foreign Powers, behold the sight,
Own the United States are right;
Invaders we will only fight,
Not brothers' blood outpour.
Let Northern, Southern, bond and free,
All live in love and unity.
Why should we not all agree
Who Washington adore?

Shall this land we each revere,
Bought by blood and orphan's tear—
By hearts who knew no fail or fear—
Be severed, rent in twain?

Accursed be he whose hand would mar:
Erase one stripe, blot out one star,
Of this lov'd flag, which, thro' the war,
Waved o'er the battle plain.

Let the Union Men arise!
See our Eagle, near the skies;
With our flag, aloft, she flies!
Forever may it wave.
Till time and nation here shall end,
The Stars and Stripes we will defend.
They on our Union must depend;
Secession is their grave!

Come, worthy Patriots, one and all:
The Nation, speaks, obey the call:
Shall this Union stand or fall?
What is your reply.
'Tis Union! Union!! evermore—
Inheritance of blood bought power,
God has preserved it to this hour;
Its glory *cannot* die.

GENERAL LEE.

AIR—*Oh, poor Lucy Neal.*

Down on the Chickahominy,
McClellan pushed his way,
To take that route to Richmond,
He did not mean to stay.

CHORUS:
Oh! poor General Lee,
Oh! poor General Lee,
Don't you wish that you could catch
McClellan like a flea.

McClellan says to Jackson,
On dry land I will fight,
You may stay in your darn'd old swamps,
I bid you all good night.

Swamp water may be very good
To help you Rebels die,
James River suits our whiskey best,
Its mixtures I will try.

My army and my great siege guns,
Another road pursue,
My baggage train and stores are safe,
Spite of your devilish crew.

The Monitor and gunboats,
I want them all with me,
"Fort Darling" Burnside has to take,
Ere in Richmond we take tea.

General Banks will clear the valley,
Guerilla bands must slope,
Rebel lands our army shall support,
It is ordered so by Pope.

The female half horse secesh spies,
On rails will have to straddle,
Or stop their devilish Rebel lies,
Or leave at once—"skedaddle."

Scott and brave Halleck of the West,
Come on to be here handy,
Our army now is marching on,
To Yankee Doodle dandy.

Bradford the militia will restore,
Rebel Generals go off sneaking,
The Light Division of Baltimore,
Will be true under "A. Leakin."

Let gold go up eighteen per cent,
For silver give no thanks,
Uncle Sam's notes and postage stamps,
Are good as our brag banks.

So cheer up my gallant lads,
We've just commenced big fighting,
We'll volunteer for our dear flag,
And lick the Rebels a kiting.

THE POOR CONSCRIPT.

AIR—*Lillie Dale.*

Why should we mourn, conscripted friends,
Or quake at draft alarms,
'Tis but the voice of Abraham,
To call you out to arms.

CHORUS—Oh! conscript—poor conscript;
Oh! don't you cry,
Father Abraham and Uncle Sam,
Say now root hog or die.

Five hundred thousand Abram wants,
And he's bound to have them you know,
So fall into ranks—and cut up no pranks,
But shoulder your gun, John, and go!

CHORUS.

You sweetly sing—"We are coming!"
Then why the *divil* don't you come?
Such patriots as you for me will never do,
Except to guard a whiskey mill at home!

CHORUS.

Substitutes you can buy, we know, if you try,
The flag of your country to defend,
Oh, what a bully plan—to get a foreign man
Who don't mind being killed for a friend!

CHORUS!

You swear without reserve, the Union you'll preserve,
If you wade in blood to do it,
So don't play the fool, go straight to training school,
And fight wild cats right through it.

CHORUS.

Never say fail—go whole hog, snout and tail,
Keep the flag high flying—a kiting;
The true Union plan for every loyal man,
Is to do his own voting and fighting.

CHORUS.

You was sound fore and aft, wind and limb before the draft,
But now, what a used up man;
A step and go fetch it, and a *hobble-te-kick.*
For your country don't care a d——n!

CHORUS.

"Oh! isn't it hard," says *Artemus Ward,*
"For this Union to be busted;"
That any j—— a— who could bring it to pass,
For a drink ought not to be trusted.

CHORUS.

But to save the flag—of which we all brag,
The blood of his friends he will spill;
All his uncles and cousins—by scores and by dozens,
Every son of a mother of them kill!

CHORUS!

As to himself—he's laid upon the shelf,
Tho' the boys still call him a brick,
At the sight of a gun he'll cut stick and run;
Gunpowder tea makes him sick.

CHORUS.

The Rebs with rapid pace, first and foremost in the race,
Never shall win the shining prize;
Nor shall Jeff's face the White House disgrace
With old *Ossawattamie Wise.*

CHORUS.

So come one and all, respond to the call,
Rally 'round the good old flag so true,
With our Eagle be found, a clawing all around,
And a clinging to the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

WE WILL FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS UNTIL DEATH.

AIR—*Wait for the Wagon.*

The Union Wagon has just come in
To New Orleans and back,
On the Mississippi river.
And has got the inside track,

With a jolly Union driver,
Good news he always brings
Of brilliant Union victories,
He cracks his whip and sings,
Stand by the Union.

Abe Lincoln is the President,
These principles declare,
That we must by the Union stand,
Be loyal every where,
One Government and Union true,
Let no base rebel sever,
Star Spangled Banner keep in view
Our Union flag forever.
Stand by the Union.

McClellan is commander,
On his colors see "Yorktown,"
He bears the glorious Flag we love,
The Rebel rag hauls down,
And Butler marching way down South,
With Farragut's great Fleet,
Soon made Lord Lovel's tagrag mob,
From New Orleans to skeet.
Stand by the Union.

The Army and the Navy,
Can all the Rebels whip,
Dupont and Porter hard can butt
Hollins' Ram and Turtle ship,
Lincoln at Norfolk makes Wool fly,
Old Merrimac good bye,
Burnside at North Carolina,
The Monitor they shy.
Stand by the Union.

Foote steps on Island No. Ten,
With Halleck of the West,
Fort Henry first, then Donaldson,
Buel comes second best.
One secesh can five mudsills whip,
The game is brag and lie,
On Manassas plain did they remain,
In the last ditch to die.
Stand by the Union.

They've waked up snakes in the Union,
About Hunter's proclamation,
The President says he's the boss just now,
Of Uncle Sam's plantation,
That Generals were sent forth to fight
Secesh women, rebel men,
To draw the sword, lead armies on,
Seward could use the pen.
Stand by the Union.

On to Richmond is the watchword now,
McClellan leads the dance,
Shields and McDowell's hands across,
Right and left advance,
Kenly and Dushane open the ball,
Quickstep the Constitution,
Virginia Reel for First Maryland Boys,
To the music of the Union.
Stand by the Union.

Brave Kenly of First Maryland,
At Front Royal Bridge did stand,
Said to his gallant Regiment,
"Fight on my noble Band,
We are left to guard, defend this spot,
No reinforcements nigh,
Baltimore expects you all
For your Flag to fight or die."
Stand by the Union.

This flag the gift of woman fair,
Waves over us on this plain,
Oh! do not sully its fair folds,
Let it not speak in vain,
Kenly, though wounded, gazed upon
Its silken folds in view,
Rallied his men, steady, stand firm,
To this dear Flag prove true.
Stand by the Union.

Out flanked, out numbered on all sides,
Come on each noble brave,
The honor of dear Maryland,
With your lives you now must save;
And though at last compelled to yield,
In this unequal fight,
Face the foe, die on the battle-field,
Shout the Union cause is right.
Stand by the Union.

WATER! OH, GIVE A DRINK.

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

It was early dawn; an almost broken-hearted widowed mother was on the battle-field of Gettysburg, looking among the dead and the dying for her only son. The sun was about to rise, when from a secluded spot she heard the mournful sound, "Water! oh, give me a drink before I die." The voice she knew; she started and with the little remaining strength she reached the spot; it was her only son; frantic she ran for water; she kneeled over him and placed the cooling beverage to his lips, but alas! too late, he was dead.

The early dawn was breaking
On Gettysburg's sad plain,
When a broken-hearted mother
Seeking for her only son,
Who in the dreadful fray
Had fallen with the wounded
In the carnage of that day.

The glorious sun was rising
In grandeur, peace and power,
But heeding not its beauty
In the anguish of the hour,
She bent her wearied footsteps
Towards a lonely dell,
Where for our glorious Union
A soldier fighting fell.

She heard a moaning sound,
A stifled, feeble cry,
"Water! oh, give me drink,
Before I faint and die."
The voice too well she knew,
Frantic she turned to run;
Oh, God! the dreadful sight—
It was her wounded son.

Some water quick she placed,
With kisses, to his lips;
Alas! too late, his eyes are closed,
He gasping, dying, sips:

And kneeling, praying o'er him,
In agony she cried—
One look, my son, my son!
In his mother's arms he died!

Our flag I see proudly waving,
Shouts of victory I hear,
For my country I have given
All on earth I hold most dear.
The world has no more pleasures,
In peace now let me die,
I cannot live without him,
In one grave let us lie!

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—*Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

The Union men are gathering strong,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
They love the right and hate the wrong,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Lincoln and Johnson are the men,
Able to govern, wield the pen.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For these our men are tried and true,
Hurrah!
Their acts and lives you can review,
Hurrah!
One from the South, one from the North,
Will draw all Union lovers forth.
Hurrah, &c.

They love our country and our laws,
Hurrah!
Enlisted in our glorious cause,
Hurrah!
We here their deeds and virtues sing,
And to them both our offerings bring.
Hurrah, &c.

In distant climes their names high stand,
Hurrah!
As well as in our own dear land,
Hurrah!
For our next rulers sure will be
Lincoln, and Johnson of Tennessee.
Hurrah, &c.

The United States will soon be free,
Hurrah!
Then we shall have prosperity,
Hurrah!
Then North and South join hand in hand,
Stand by our flag and our dear land.
Hurrah, &c.

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

AIR—*Old Dan Tucker.*

In Monument Square the other night,
I heard a great noise and saw a sight,
There were thousands of people bound by a spell,
And there were some big speeches now let me tell.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we must now agree,
To re-elect Abe and Andy of Tennessee.

The other candidates, we see,
Will not do for you and me,
Their platforms cannot, will not stand
Against the united Union band.
CHORUS.

They may be smart and active too,
But they can't stand by the red, white and blue;
We stand by our colors to the last,
Till death, hold to the Union fast.
CHORUS.

Let all the States now ponder well,
The vote for Lincoln and Andy swell,
Then negro agitation will be all in vain,
And harmony, and love, and peace will reign.
CHORUS.

UNION LEAGUE SONG.

AIR—"*Dearest May.*"

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE UNION LEAGUES OF BALTIMORE CITY.

Come! listen all true loyal men,
A story I'll relate,
What happened in old Baltimore,
And our "My Maryland" State;
They wished her to rebel—secede—
Whether she would or no,
They tried to humbug Gov. Hicks,
He told them 'twas *no go*.

CHORUS.

Oh! My Maryland! To the Union you belong,
Red, white and blue—your colors true,
Star Spangled Flag your Song.

The soldiers they were fired upon,
As they marched thro' the town,
The secesh mob, with murderous aim,
Shot many a brave heart down.
But Lincoln said they must pass thro',
Could not go under ground,
Nor fly in air—as pigeons dare,
Neither could they go round.
Oh! My Maryland, &c.

Mayor Brown, with Teackle Wallis went,
To Washington, great city,
To urge, persuade the government
To hear them in committee;
That he must order his brave men
To take some other route,
And not pollute the sacred soil,
Must halt, right face, about.
Oh! My Maryland, &c.

But Lincoln quick replied to them,
This place I will defend,
My troops shall march where'er I please,
So now your mission end ;
Then back to Baltimore they came,
Oh ! sorrow to relate,
That Maryland should now secede
And be a Rebel State.

Oh ! My Maryland, &c.

The Union Leagues soon as they heard
This was to be their game,
Said no you don't, we are on hand,
Your secesh crowd to tame.
Here is our flag flung to the breeze,
Down with your Stars and Bars,
We swear old Maryland shall have
One Flag, her Stripes and Stars.

Oh ! My Maryland, &c.

And soon the Rebs had to cave in,
For *Schenck* came to the city,
The secesh women he brought down,
Oh ! wasn't it a pity
To treat dear lovely woman so,
These spies so nice, so civil,
He had to handle them without gloves,
Or else they'd have played the devil.

Oh ! My Maryland, &c.

Cheers for brave Butler—Morris—Schenck—
Who do not fear their duty,
Who can't be bribed, or bought or sold,
Or influenced by beauty ;
And here's to all firm loyal men,
And lovely woman true,
Who stand by our dear glorious flag,
Our own red, white and blue.

Oh ! My Maryland, &c.

McCLELLAN'S GRUB ALL SAFE.

BALTIMORE BLOWERS PLAYED OUT.

AIR—*"Rally Boys for the good old Union."*

McClellan's changed his front they say,
That's so, that's so,
He fought the Rebels and gained the day,
That's so, too,
His left now occupies the right,
That's so, that's so,
The secesh scum will have to fight,
That's so, too.

CHORUS.

Then rally boys for the good old Union,
Union, Union,
Rally boys for the good old Union,
It must and shall be saved.

Secesh said he was whipped in Baltimore,
That's not so, that's not so,
He's better off now than he was before,
That's so, too.
We all thought it very strange,
That's so, that's so,
Couldn't believe Secesh of the Exchange,
That's so, too.

Chorus. Then rally, &c.

Poor women sold their City Stocks,
That's so, that's so,
Secesh lies, the money market knocks,
That's so, too.
This's all the harm that they can do,
That's so, that's so,
To create a panic, the lying crew,
That's so, too.

Chorus. Then rally, &c.

Abe Lincoln to McClellan went,
That's so, that's so,
Before he reinforcements sent,
That's so, too.
He puts a Pope right over Banks,
That's so, that's so,
He calls on the States to fill the ranks,
That's so, too.

Chorus. Then rally, &c.

General Wool commands in Baltimore,
That's so, that's so,
Secesh rags here can wave no more,
That's so, too.
The rebel women he'll have I'll bet,
That's so, that's so,
The musket hiders in Fort Lafayette,
That's so, too.

Chorus. Then rally, &c.

SECOND MARYLAND REGIMENT.

AIR—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

Respectfully dedicated to the survivors of the Second Maryland Regiment, Ninth Army Corps, on their way to Kentucky, through Baltimore.

I sing a song for the Union,
In praise of our army, so grand,
Hurrah! for the valiant defenders,
The Second Maryland,
The Second Maryland,
The Second Maryland,
With the stars and stripes in hand.

With Burnside, the Hero General,
No foe could them withstand,
In seven battles victorious,
Fought the Second Maryland.

CHORUS.

O'er the sands of North Carolina,
With the flag and sword in hand,
They cut their way through traitors—
The Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

Altho' with roll not three hundred,
The Second is still in demand;
If you want to see some tall fighting,
Join the Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

Reno, the warrior soldier,
Beloved by his command,
Fell gloriously whilst leading,
The Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

You see their graves at Antietam,
Their blood stains mark the sand,
Weep, mourn for the slain in battle,
Of the Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

Bold Allard shouts, forward, move steady,
Come on my true, Spartan band,
Fight, die for the flag of the Union,
Brave Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

Now onward, quick-step to Kentucky,
To rescue that raid threatened land,
Fresh laurels of fame there will honor,
The Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

Farewell! your country calls you,
With tears we grasp your hand,
March on, with your shot riddled banners,
Old Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

And when the rebellion is over,
And peace smiles again o'er our land,
Welcome with your war-tattered colors,
Brave Second Maryland.
CHORUS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HON. J. J. CRITTENDEN.

AIR.—*"Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or "President's March."*

Hail, glorious Union! noble, grand!
Hail, our Union! let it stand,
The Constitution and the laws.
Equal rights to every one,
Guaranteed by Washington;
Let justice be our pride and boast,
Dividing lines be henceforth lost;
Repeal all laws that are not wise,
The South has rights no one denies.
Firm, united, we must be—
As brothers live in unity;
The North and South together bind,
With the Stars and Stripes entwined.

Shall Columbia's sons be found
Battling on this Heaven-blest ground
State against State arrayed
With secession, cursed fire-brand,
Take our forts with sword in hand.
Can no compromise avail?
Shall this great Republic fail,
As transmitted by our sires?
Divide the Union—Hope expires.
No! let us in Council meet,
The words of Washington repeat:
The people now must all arise,
Congress every help denies.

Behold the *chief!* Kentucky's son,
The statesman, patriot, Crittenden,
To whom all eyes now brightly turn.
Adopt his platform, sound and true,
Save our Union, nation too,
His Compromise will firmly stand,
And bless with peace our native land:
Then truth and justice will prevail,
Discord, secession dire will fail.
Then our flag will proudly wave,
Every stripe and star we save,
And then with our own Washington,
Bless the name of Crittenden.

TO THE SECOND BRANCH CITY COUNCIL.

AIR—*Yankee Doodle.*

The city fathers in Council meet,
By order of the Mayor, sir,
Every member in his seat,
Each President in his chair, sir.

CHORUS.—Money now is what we want,
It is no time for speaking,
To fill the ranks, militia raise,
For Major Gen. Leaken.

The First Branch passed the bill right through,
Three hundred thousand dollars,
All honor, praise to them is due,
Patriots, true men and scholars.

CHORUS.—Money now, &c.

The Second Branch in April last,
Voted whole heaps of money,
Are now so poor, can't give one cent,
Oh! isn't this quite funny.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

Five hundred thousand in the Spring,
To make the State secede, sir,
Now will not aid the Government,
Rank treason this, indeed, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

If you wont give us money, now,
To carry on the war, sir,
We ask the annual amount,
Pay our smashes at the bar, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

Our Bills of Fare were promptly paid,
Of last year's frolic and fun, sir,
When all the Town Clocks merrily rung,
And Trimble's horse fast run, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

Pistols and guns were quickly bought,
Bills promptly paid in cash, sir,
Wagons and livery horses hired,
For aids to make a dash, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

And now we come for a less amount,
But humbly ask in vain, sir,
We have no leader now as then,
A Police Marshal Kane, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

Oh! be consistent Second Branch,
Or else you'll raise our dander,
This ordinance you ought to pass,
Sauce for goose, and sauce for gander.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

But there is one loyal and true,
Worthy his place and station,
Who dares to think, to speak and act,
A patriot in the nation.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

Cheers to the men who voted well,
Who never flinch or fail, sir,
Support, stand by each President,
Although he split a rail, sir.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

We can raise the money, and get the men,
Rebels may go to thunder,
Bradford has got the case in hand,
In a few days they'll knock under.

CHORUS.—Money, &c.

DIXIE.

Oh Stonewall Jackson dont you see,
That you can't victor always be.
Look away, look away,
Look away to Richmond town.
You run around and cut up pranks,
But find your match when you run on Banks.
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Hurrah, for the army.

CHORUS.

Oh, Union boys now rally,
Come on, come on,
Cheers for our Banks, and give him thanks,
He draws all prizes never blanks.
He's bound, He's bound,
He's bound to clear the valley.

With Pope and Sigel in command,
The bravest, truest of our land.
We march, we march,
We are marching down to Dixie.
McDowell, Geary, good and true,
With Williams, Augur, Gordon too.
Die for our flag and Union.
Then here's to the boys who fear no noise,
Who are marching down to Dixie.

And Baton Rouge the Rebels said,
They had retaken with a raid.
Oh! what a lie Miss Dixie.
Nims' battery gave them shell and shot,
To hold their own it was too hot,
They skedaddled into Dixie.
The Arkansas it would not do,
Our gunboats soon put a hole right through.
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Hurrah for brave Porter.

McClellan left James river too,
Formed a new base, entirely new.
Takes another road to Richmond.
One army grand he now will make,
Combined, will the devil and Richmond take.
Good bye, good bye,
Good bye Mr. Rebellion.

Jeff Davis, Lee and Jackson, will
Have time to stay at Malvern Hill,
While we go round to Richmond.
So volunteers come freely,
Come one, come all,
We'll have a ball,
Make Richmond fall,
And dance away through Dixie.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Hail to the land that gave us birth!
Columbia—glorious name!
Her freemen's songs proclaim abroad,
Our monuments of fame.

As natives proudly here we stand,
On our own sea-girt shore,
The glory of this heritage,
We ever shall adore.

Honor to that patriot band,
Who fought and bled and died—
Washington, our nation's chief!
Our country's boast and pride!

In that dark hour which tried men's souls,
He firm and undismayed
Led on the charge, and victory won—
His Father's will obeyed.

Prayed heaven to shield us in the fight,
And nerve the soldier's arm,
For well he knew our cause was just,
To brave the battle's storm.

Our free-born children shall be taught,
To bless with grateful song,
And lisp in artless voice of praise,
The name of WASHINGTON!

That noble sire to us most dear,
Our inmost thoughts shall grace;
Nations unborn shall honor him,
His every virtue trace.

This land is ours by noble deeds.
Is not our title good?
Our fathers bought it with a price,
And that their own heart's blood.

The sturdy laborer of the soul,
Must sure protected be,
Our own mechanics will be fed
By fostering industry.

As natives, we our rights well know,
And dare maintain them, too;
United shall we ever be,
And to our flag prove true.

Oppression's chains cannot enslave
Columbia's brawny arm;
We are the sovereigns of this land,
Called UNCLE SAMUEL'S FARM.

Our mountain tops do mock the skies,
Lakes, rivers all around.
Our valleys rich in verdure green,
With noble forests crowned.

Our Navy floats on every sea,
Our flag in distant clime
Waves the bright banner of the free,
A spectacle sublime.

That star-gemmed flag so much beloved,
Its silken folds shall fly,
Fanned by freedom's balmiest breeze,
'Neath the wide arching sky.

Its eagle soaring far above,
Shall point to us most true;
High honor as it bears aloft,
Our own Red, White and Blue.

The Union of these strong bound States,
Shall our true motto be,
The Constitution our guide,
Our pass-word—Liberty!

Yes, we are bound as brothers here
Our Union to prolong,
America our proudest boast—
"Our Country, right or wrong."

Wave high again the Stars and Stripes,
With firm uplifted hand,
Let every true-born patriot shout—
GOD AND OUR NATIVE LAND.

STAND BY THE UNION.

AIR.—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

Here's to this glorious Union,
So dear to you and me;
Bound by the Constitution,
In the bands of harmony.
Home of the Patriot Washington!
Our nation's boast and pride;
His life was for our Union,
Which we will not divide.

Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Whatever may betide.

Our fathers fought for freedom,
And shed their blood and died,
They left to us their heritage,
A country vast and wide.
They bound us in this Union,
And bade us guard it well;
That we should be united,
And never dare rebel.

Stand by the Union.

General Jackson was a hero,
From truth he never swerved:
He swore this Federal Union,
Must ever be preserved.
He fought for our liberties,
His name we here will cheer,
He made the hosts of Packenham
From New Orleans to clear.

Stand by the Union.

And he who conquered Mexico,
On Cerro Gordon's plain,
Brave Winfield Scott, who beat the foe,
And bled at Lundy's Lane,
And Rough and Ready, bold and true,
Whose deeds we love to tell,
The Union was their platform,
No matter what befel.

Stand by the Union.

A Webster and a Henry Clay,
Were Union men and true,
They lived for these United States,
And died as patriots do—
Firm on the Constitution,
United they did stand,
America forever,
God and our native land.

Stand by the Union.

Brave Lawrence, in the navy,
Said "don't give up the ship,"
So long as we're united,
We all the world can whip,
We will stand by our colors,
Our own red, white and blue—
With our ship, the Constitution,
Manned by a Union crew.
Stand by the Union.

Our women will support us
As they did in days of yore;
They love us and our country,
We will their charms adore.
Three cheers for lovely women!
They aid us all they can;
Their hearts are for the Union—
For Union to a man,
Stand by the Union.

We won't dissolve the Union,
While the stars and stripes shall wave;
They float in triumph o'er us,
The ensign of the brave.
They tell us of the battles
By our forefathers won—
Our eagle soaring upwards,
With the name of Washington.
Stand by the Union.

Then wave again the stars and stripes,
Columbia's flag on high;
The Union we will fight for,
And by her stand or die.
We will gaze upon the Eagle
As she mounts towards the sun—
In her beak the words—the Union,
Endorsed by Washington.
Stand by the Union.

THE STARS IN THAT FLAG ARE ALL THERE.

The Hon. John Cochran, in his great Union speech at the Maryland Institute, in the city of Baltimore, said in one of his eloquent flights, of oratory, pointing to our flag over his head, "The Union is not dissolved—the stars in that flag are all there."

Proud flag of the free, my homage to thee,
As ye gracefully wave in the air;
From the Fort streaming high, what joy to descry,
The stars in that flag all still there.

Oh! glorious sight, by the dawn's early light,
'Mid battle—bombs bursting in air,
The red, white and blue, on the ramparts to view,
With the stars in that flag all still there.

I thought of the woes of the Valley Forge snows,
Of our forefathers' sorrows and cares,
Of true hearts that bled, by Washington led;
This flag in its glory was there.

Of heroes now dead, their footprints blood red,
Of the sufferings all had to share,
The cold moon o'er head, earth their damp bed,
This flag to cheer them was there.

'Mid heaps of the slain, on Monmouth's sad plain,
Where they dying, breathed out their last prayer,
Half closed eyes would raise, on this flag to gaze,
Die in peace to see it wave there.

Our flag and the Union we hold in communion—
To guard and protect them we swear;
A Washington's grave may the Union yet save,
While the stars and the stripes are all there.

The eagle of fame, man never could tame,
Fit emblem our ensign to wear,
True shall it remain, our rights to sustain,
With the stars and the stripes all still there.

The fair of our land by this flag will stand,
For its standard sweet garlands prepare;
On the true Union ground dear woman is found,
With our flag—their pride, love and care.

YE PATRIOTS OF COLUMBIA.

AIR—"*Ye Mariners of England.*".

Ye patriots of Columbia,
Whose flag on land and seas
Has waved in triumph bold and free,
In the battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard raise again,
Nor fear its stars to show,
Whilst your fleet on the deep
Shall no other ensign know,
Nor your armies moving onward
To conquer every foe.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall rise this flag to save;
On Bunker Hill its stars led on
To victory or the grave.
When your Warren and your Lawrence fell,
You wept and felt the blow,
For the dead who bled that flag to save—
In its glory to bestow,
And which cheers your armies onward
To victory as you go.

Columbia needs no record
Where her heroes peaceful sleep;
Their deeds are on each heart engraved
In living letters deep.
This flag they dying left us—
None other can we know,
For the Stars and Stripes shall never
The seeds of discord sow;
Then let it be your flag forever,
For peace and union flow.

Oh! 'tis the glory of Americans
Their flag to love—adore;
'Tis the bulwark of their nation—
Guard! Guard it ever more!

May the North and South united,
On their father's flag agree,
And have but one star spangled banner—
Immortalized by Key;
And "Union" shout together,
"In God let your trust be."

WE KNOW OUR RIGHTS.

Come all to Monument square to night,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
To hear the truth spoken outright,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Gov. Bradford will take the Stand.
And all true men must show their hand,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chorus. Then let us hand and heart exert,
With manly resolution,
Determin'd firmly to support,
Our glorious Constitution.

Great Speakers will be there so true,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Blacksmith from Cecil County, too,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
They will open your eyes that you can see,
This Rebellion is all Aristocracy,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chorus.

The Workingmen must understand,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
That they are the Bosses of this land,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
That they are entitled to govern, not be secesh tools,
Tho' they went to Public Schools,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chorus.

Property qualification will not do,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Brains is much better for me and you,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Money can be made by any j—— a—,
Saphead Aristocracy soon goes to seed grass,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Chorus.

British laws will never do here,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Bro. Jonathan lives at home, brews his own beer,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Knows how to fight, lick all creation,
Whistles Yankee Doodle, the tune of his nation,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Chorus.

Equal laws and equal rights,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Live in peace, opposed to big bloody fights,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Willing to sweat, earn bread, work iron and stone,
Like the South, only want to be let alone,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Chorus.

Rally then Freemen, come out to-night,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Workingmen come stand up to your right,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We know you are loyal, honest and true,
Come rally round the Flag, your own red, white and blue,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Chorus.

ANNIVERSARY SUPPER.

Baltimore City Lodge, the very first of the American Protestant Associations, in accordance with many years' usage, gave their anniversary supper recently, at Sherwood's Hotel. The body was presided over by Wm. H. Hayward, Esq., who was called upon and spoke as follows:

You must excuse me if this time
I make to you a speech in rhyme,
Which some may not think so sublime,
To Poetize is not a crime—
Here's to the friends of Auld Lang Syne.

A word to me has just been sent,
That I must be your President,
(I hope for this you'll not repent,)
To put you thro' I'm fully bent.

So short a notice is not fair,
I could not a big speech prepare,
My principles to you declare—
I can only say I'm on the square.

I trust, however, to be able
To do my duty at this table,
And make myself agreeable.

Now let me call upon each brother,
To help me and assist each other,
Bold, free discussion not to smother,
All Union men love one another.

Here let each brother, mother's son,
Including Charley Hamilton,
See that full justice now be done,
And pass the night in wit and fun,
With the Union boys of number one.

With Silverwood and Dukehart true,
Watson and Hughes, and Webber too,
Muirhead, Spencer and the rest,
And Cunningham in his Sunday's best,
And nothing must our pleasure mar,
For over there is Brother Tarr.

And here I must one moment dwell
To toast our sincere friend Foxwell;
And ladies fair, God bless them all,
With their sweet smiles now grace our hall,
Meet with us on this great occasion
And bless the Protestant Association,
They are for the *Union* and our *nation*,
Eden was ruined when she left it,
We love them all, for we can't help it.
Altho' we honor Pilgrim fathers,
We must not forget our Pilgrim mothers,
For to my mind 'tis very clear,
Were it not for them we would'nt be here—
Here's to the Pilgrims and descendants,
May we all be their defendants,
And honored be old Plymouth Rock,
Where landed first this little flock,
The Protestants their thanks express
And Pilgrim fathers honor, bless.

Take each a knife and fork in hand,
And a little glass from off the stand,
And pledge to our great, glorious land,
Grasping each other by the hand,
Swear by the stars and stripes to stand,
And drink to our true loyal band,
Just a wee drop, not any more,
For sober boys are number four,
And number one and three I see
On a lemonade and stick agree,
Being friends of strict sobriety,
Which might be best for you and me.

There is one word I now must say—
Let all be happy, free and gay,
For we are with the A. P. A.
I hope you'll let me have my way,
And due respect to me all pay,
When I command—let all obey.

Attention, stop! let me think,
It's almost time to take a drink,
I give the signal with a wink,
Stop when you see my peepers blink,

And let me whisper this to you—
Don't go it oftener than I do,
Far apart and rather few,
For fear that we'd get a little blue;
I set the example, I preside,
If one drink all, we can't divide—
Equal rights our boast and pride.

I hope we'll have a good communion,
To sing and speak of our dear Union,
Of Washington and the Constitution,
The Protestant Association,
Being always loyal to this nation,
Worthy any place or station,
Good men are always true,
And stand by our red, white and blue.

Now, I don't mean to make you wait,
I see Brother Spencer eye his plate,
His wife don't like him to stay out late.
For fear I should be deemed a bore,
I will only say a few words more,
Which won't require you to encore.

I call your attention to that corner,
Where stands our singer—Brother Horner,
Who is a host, you'll find him some,
In singing E. Pluribus Unum
And all about the secesh scum,
Rally 'round flag, down stars and bars,
Star Spangled Banner, thirty-four stars,
All about good old Uncle Sam
And we are coming, Father Abraham.
Lehr, Keyser, Ewalt here to boot,
Likewise, Professor Brother Root.
You see them all now face to face,
Root can't be beat in singing base.

If there's a reporter in the room,
Barton and Lewis said they'd come,
And two more here ought to be—
Beautiful Starr and Kimberly,
Give a report, do it up brown,
Nothing extenuate or in malice set down,

Your papers go all over town;
Tell them they can their big pile bet,
That we are all a clever set,
Hale good fellows, all well met,
Know how to pass an evening well,
Sing a good song and story tell,
Be merry as a marriage bell;
Don't view us with a critic's eye,
To please you all, at least we'll try,
Make you laugh and sometimes cry.

Now, brothers, present arms—prepare,
Raise up your hand, each take a chair,
We bid you welcome as you come,
We make each brother feel at home.

Oft may we meet with friendly cheer,
And each reunion be more dear,
For the absent drop a tear,
With open hand and heart to bless
The widow and the fatherless—
Assist each other in distress.

Our cause is prospering day by day.
The bigot's reign has passed away,
Our Bible sheds a meteor ray,
It teaches us to watch and pray,
Our enemies forgive alway.
In love and friendship own each other,
For every Protestant's a brother;
May all outside come in—repent,
Of all their sins be penitent,
Join our good Association,
Then they'll be worthy of any station
And win the dear ladies' approbation.

Let others scoff our Order—rail,
We flourish more when they assail,
With us there's no such word as fail;
Our principles spread more and more
Throughout the world, from shore to shore,
Truth, virtue, reason to restore.

Now, brothers, in this festive hall,
The pleasures of past hours recall,
In after years, whate'er befall,
Say these are happier than them all,
For see, our flag adorns the wall,
By it we swear to stand or fall;
Our country is our pride and boast,
Hail Columbia be our song and boast,
To save the Union let all be nerved,
General Jackson said it must be preserved.

BE LOYAL TO YOUR COUNTRY.

The Hon. Judge Holt, ex-Secretary of War, on being asked by a young man, who had property in the rebel, as well as the loyal States, "What he must do—which he should swear allegiance to," quickly responded, "Be loyal to your country."

"Be loyal to your country," the statesman quick replied;
Friends, fortune, fame and power, all, all must be denied.
Kind heaven has blessed this land, it blossoms as the rose;
Prosperity and peace are here, and joy each heart overflows.

Why should we now divide the Union formed so well?
Why seek distress and misery? secede—revolt—rebel?
"Be loyal to your country," a traitor never be!
For this land our fathers left to us their dying legacy!

One Government and Union true! Just rights and equal laws,
Let North and South, and East and West, stand by the Union cause.
"Be loyal to your country," confront her every foe,
Cling closely to your colors, whilst you strike the deadly blow.

"Be loyal to your country," what stronger tie can bind,
Than love of home—of liberty—by hand in hand combined;
"Be loyal to your father's flag," its silken folds shall wave,
Its flaunting stripes and brilliant stars the Union yet shall save.

Again unite us all, is our fervent, earnest prayer,
The Declaration—Bill of Rights—our principles declare;
On this platform firmly stand, be just to every one,
Reflect the bright examples of the *patriot Washington*.

The young man bowed his head—grasped the Bible in his hand;
Swore on its sacred pages by his country he would stand;
That he never more would waver, but to his flag prove true,
And loyal to his Government and our own red, white and blue.

UNION SONG.

AIR.—*Hard Times.*

Let us look at the leaders of the parties in the land,
And listen to their speeches o'er and o'er;
There are but two candidates that we can understand,
Who will make good times come again once more.

CHORUS:

Our song is the song of the Union,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Many others have told they'd restore you good times,
But Lincoln will make good times come again once more.

We will pause in our campaigns, and raise up a Union band,
And elevate a man of great power,
Whose fame will re-echo throughout our glorious land,
And bring good times to us once more.

CHORUS.

With Johnson for Vice, of learned, noble fame,
On the Union his eloquence will soar;
To the people we'll tell—with Lincoln all's well,
And hard times come again no more.

CHORUS.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

AIR.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Oh! how I love my native flag;
Forever dear to me;
Our fathers fought beneath thy folds,
And I will cherish thee.

Thy Eagle, soaring high above,
I ever will admire;
I gaze upon thee full of love
And patriotic fire.

You proudly wave in foreign seas,
On distant barbarous shores—
The harbinger of peace and love,
True herald of our power.

Shall British cruisers ever dare
This glorious flag to slight?
Must our own craft be overhauled
And we afraid to fight?

No, by the powers that sail the main,
Our ships shall honored be,
Who bear aloft the stars and stripes,
The emblem of the free.

The stars and stripes shall proudly wave,
On ocean, lake and sea,
Our Constitution ship shall sail,
Proclaiming victory.

Brave Lawrence said, before he died,
Fight, "don't give up the ship,"
A Union ship and Union crew
Can all the rebels whip.

Then nail our colors to the mast,
Unfurl them to the breeze;
The stars and stripes shall wave at last,
O'er all the land and seas.

I LOVE MY NATIVE LAND THE BEST.

America my Native land,
  Star of the glorious West,
To thee I sing my boyhood's song—
  I love my Native land the best!

Though I have roamed in distant climes,
  Like a dove in search of rest,
To thee I turn and sing once more—
  I love my Native land the best!

On Austrian and Italian plains,
  War rages—dreadful pest!
Here peace, with plenty smiling reigns—
  I love my Native land the best!

Here freedom pure forever dwells,
  The Eagle is her crest,
Here grows the tree of Liberty—
  I love my Native land the best!

And men renowned for noble deeds,
  Who fought and stood the test—
Brave heroes of America—
  I love my Native land the best!

The Holy Bible here is free,
  Our guide to make us bless'd,
Home of my birth, I cling to thee—
  I love my Native land the best!

Columbia now and evermore,
  All despots we detest,
The glory of my song shall be—
  I love my Native land the best!

THE FLAG OF COLUMBIA.

AIR.—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

I love to see Columbia's flag
Wave over you and me, sir,
Our fathers conquered 'neath its folds,
It made us great and free, sir.

Star spangled banner is our flag,
We love it as our mother;
Red, white and blue, are colors true,
Union men will have no other.

It waves so proud on every sea,
Respected far and near, sir,
Its sight makes rebels cower and flee;
Seceders tremble, fear, sir.

Star spangled banner.

It is the flag of glories past,
That waved o'er Washington, sir;
That gallant tars nailed to the mast—
Colors that never run, sir.

Star splangled banner.

Touch it not with rebel hands,
Let every star remain, sir,
We love it more when troubles lower,
It cannot bear a stain, sir.

Star spangled banner.

Mount Vernon's shade attest its power,
It shines on every star, sir!
Its glories bright a beacon light,
Will triumph in the war, sir.

Star spangled banner.

OUR COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG.

AIR.—*Lucy Neal.*

I now appear before you to sing a little song,
It's all about the Union—our country right or wrong.

CHORUS:

So take our candidates so true,
Take Abraham along,
With *Andy* of old Tennessee,
Then our Union will be strong.

Lincoln is surely able our nation to command,
With Johnson for Vice-President of our dear glorious land.

CHORUS.

I'll trust no other party, so sure as you're born,
The rest are all distracted by discord—wrung and torn.

CHORUS.

America will flourish like the tree of liberty,
With Abraham for President, Vice Andy of Tennessee.

CHORUS.

EMANCIPATION SONG.

AIR.—*Kingdom's Coming.*

The Rebel cause is weaker growing,
And soon the tale we'll tell,
How they tried to break up this Union
We all love so well;
This glorious Nation overthrow,
Slavery or die,
Tear down our flag, the Stary Banner,
Now proudly waving high.

CHORUS.—But the Stars and Stripes will stay,
The Stars and Bars go away,
We tell you boys the good times coming,
Emancipation day.

Jeff Davis, Beauregard and Lee,
Will have to abdicate,
And Richmond come right in and be,
With Virginia a loyal State;
And Charleston will have to cave right in,
With Georgia by her side,
And every part of Rebeldom,
Into the Union slide.

CHORUS.

The people then will see,
And find out what's the matter,
And set the niggers free,
And tell secesh to scatter;
If they dont like this country,
Let them choose some other,
We love our flag and liberty,
And America our mother.

CHORUS.

We will the flag restore,
The Union same as ever,
The States in love united bind,
In bonds of strength forever;
All agitation cease,
In Congress and the nation,
And live again in peace,
And free take our proud station.

CHORUS.

THE UNION.

AIR.—*Old Uncle Ned.*

We will sing you a song,
Which is not very long,
The subject you know very well;
It chiefly relates
To these United States,
If they ever dare secede and rebel.

CHORUS:
Vote for the men you know, oh! oh!
Strike at disunion a blow;
With Lincoln we foretell,
All will yet be well—
Sure blessings on our land then will flow.

The Rebels in the field
Will all have to yield,
  This secret now we will tell,
For the Union men are bound
To be bobbing all around;
  Our ranks with the true we will swell.
CHORUS.

We now plainly see
We must all agree—
  On the Union platform be found;
Secession we must kill
With a strong Lincoln pill;
  On the goose question he must be sound.
CHORUS.

There will be no need
For the people to secede—
  On the Union we firmly will stand;
With our flag in our hand,
The Constitution band
  Will fight for our dear native land.
CHORUS.

THE UNION.

AIR.—*Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.*

The Union, my heart's adoration,
  Blest by heaven in its true purity;
No matter how humble the station,
  We each have an interest in thee;
As a nation we must be united—
  By the laws of our country firm stand,
These principles gladden and cherish,
  Homes and hearts in our lov'd native land.

CHORUS.

Then come ye patriots so worthy,
Who dare by this Union stand true,
The Star Spangled Banner forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Let the States of the North soon assemble—
Act as one in this glorious cause;
Let justice and right only govern—
Repealing all sectional laws.
May the North and the South dwell as brothers,
On Crittenden's platform stand true,
His principles never will perish,
His compromise meets every view.

CHORUS.

Secede from the Union! no, never!
We love and adore thee too well;
No traitor its glory can sever,
No state from the compact rebel.
We will bide by the compromise measures
Held forth by Kentucky's own son;
Our flag shall still wave in her beauty—
For the stars are all there—every one.

CHORUS.

THE ZOUAVES.

SUNG AT THE SUPPER GIVEN BY THE GREYS OF BALTIMORE CITY, TO THE ZOUAVES OF CHICAGO.

Zouaves of the glorious West,
Vive la Companie.
Soldiers of the strictest test,
Vive la Companie.
We grasp you warmly by the hand—
Welcome to old Maryland.
With three times three, we are glad to see
The Zouave Company.

Independent Greys with one accord,
Vive la Companie,
Welcome you to a soft plank and board,
Vive la Companie.
For beds you refuse, which could be had if you choose;
But while you here stay, you shall have your own way,
And nothing to pay for twelve month and a day,
By the Zouave Company.

Kind friends you will meet in every street,
Vive la Companie,
Songs of welcome so sweet will every step greet,
Vive la Companie.
Wreaths from fair woman's hand, pride of Maryland,
Who soldiers adore, and in Baltimore
Will ever delight to treat strangers right,
The Zouave Company.

To them let us our homage pour,
Vive la Companie,
Here's to the beautiful belles of Baltimore,
Vive la Companie,
And as you here stay, they will make you gay,
Their eyes light the way, with love's witching ray;
They won't let you go, they told me so,
They love your company.

To your gallant Captain *Ellsworth*, too,
Vive la Companie,
Every inch a soldier, brave and true,
Vive la Companie,
With Lieutenant *Scott*, who is not forgot,
And *Villiers*, M. D., skillful surgeon is he,
With *Haydon* I see, your good Orderly,
Oh, what a crack Company.

Wetherall and *Knox*, who can stand heavy shocks,
Vive la Companie,
Here let me *Record* Sergeant *Botsford*,
Vive la Companie,
With *Ross* the Band guide, and *Claybourn* your pride;
Smith beat the big drum, for the Zouaves have come,
While *Nevins' Bugle* shall play Yankee Doodle,
Vive la Companie.

Eat and be merry and take your fill,
Vive la Companie,
Paymaster *Taylor* foots the bill,
Vive la Companie.
Let your band play, soldiers life's always gay,
With your friends the Greys, you can pass your days;
You are the guests of the corps, while in Baltimore.
Good time you surely will see.

To the Sons of *Malta* some belong,
Vive la Companie,
Let it be *recorded* with the *gong*,
Vive la Companie.
All are in good condition, so says the physician;
Go thro' a port-hole—eat *cartridges whole*,
And when very dry, a peck of oats try,
In the *vale* of *mystery*.

Hurrah! for the corps now in Baltimore,
Vive la Companie,
Our kindest regards for the Zouave Guards,
Vive la Companie.
Our praises are due to such soldiers as you;
Your example try follow, nothing strong to swallow,
But drink lemonade, of spirits well made,
In place of Rye or Brandy.

Let us sing of the trip, to *Winans' Steamship*,
Vive la Companie,
The Zouaves were on hand with their far-famed band,
Vive la Companie.
The soft-crabs we had, they say were not bad,
Tho' some were afraid to eat them they said;
No whiskey had we, yet all did agree,
It would be good for your Company.

To those who were shy, we gave the small fry,
Vive la Companie,
I think it was *Knox* ate sardines by the box,
Vive la Companie.
But one thing we are able, to beat Zouaves at the table,
And empty the dish of soft-crabs and fish,
At the *Vineyard* where we so happy did see
The Zouave Company.

THE GREYS.

Hurrah! for *Captain Clark*, of the Independent Greys,
Vive la Companie,
And his gallant corps, pride of Baltimore,
Vive la Companie.
Whose kindness will show when soldiers pass through—
Surround them and take them, disarm them and eat them,
The Zouave Company.

To Lieutenant *Simpson*, soldier true,
Vive la Companie,
And "*Kerchner*" who duty will nobly do,
Vive la Companie.
Always *Trump* card, is 1st Sergeant *Allard*,
Ever at his post, like *Gibson* our boast.—
Hurrah for the Grey Company.

Health to the officers, rank and file,
Vive la Companie,
Next to the Zouaves, they march in style,
Vive la Companie.
They can drill by Hardee, or Scott as you see,
All know the solution of each evolution,—
Order arms, load and fire in good order retire.
Vive la Grey Companie.

At Harper's Ferry these very same Greys,
Vive la Companie,
Were the first to march, their colors to raise,
Vive la Companie.
They went after Cook, Sharp's rifles they took.
On the bridge of the river, from cold had a shiver,
For fear of a chill, drank whiskey that would kill,
Oh, what hospitality.

Great Governor Wise, to our surprise,
Vive la Companie.
Gave no thanks or praise to the gallant Greys,
Vive la Companie.
The spears and rifles he said were trifles,
To him they belonged; so the Greys were wronged,
Out of their just due, yet still will prove true.
The old Grey Company.

Tho' they had not their share, still they don't care,
Vive la Companie.
If old Brown should raise, the Independent Greys,
Vive la Companie.
Will ever be game, and fight just the same,
Protecting the nation from secret invasion,
By the Union stand, and on our own native land,
The noble Grey Company.

Now I must cut short my hasty report,
Vive la Companie,
If some things I've omitted it is not my fault,
Vive la Companie.
I have tried to mention, what claimed my attention,
Some items forgot, not put down on the spot,
As the Jail so fine, and steam fire engine,
Shown to the Zouave Company.

When you return to your prairie and your home,
Vive la Companie.
You will speak of the Greys and say they are some,
Vive la Companie.
And with your good bye, drop the tear from the eye;
Remember the days you spent with the Greys,
At Assembly Room Hotel, all happy and well,
Time passed so pleasantly.

And when Sunday came, the day to depart,
Vive la Companie,
The knapsacks slung with a heavy heart,
Vive la Companie.
Then the shaking of hands, ("Auld lang syne.")
Free exchange of caps, buttons and straps,
Having naught else to render you took our suspender,
Good bye Zouave Company.

Now Maryland to Illinois gives her hand,
Vive la Companie.
United as a band, by our Union will stand,
Vive la Companie.

The Zouaves and Greys, worthy all praise,
Both join our good cause, fight for the Union and laws,
Under one flag so true, the red white and blue.
Rally as one Company.

This glorious Union need not fear dissolution,
Vive la Companie,
These are our main stays, the Zouaves and Greys,
Vive la Companie,
In peace and in war, our guide Union star.
Bright as the sun, like our own Washington,
Who, ever glorious, over all victorious.
God preserve this Confederacy.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

"BURY ME IN THE SUNSHINE."

THE LAST DYING WORDS OF MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, OF NEW YORK.

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
Let the glorious orb of day,
Beam on my shrouded coffin,
As ye bear my corse away.
Let no cloud obscure the beauty,
Of *Heaven's blue* arch serene;
Oh! bury me at the noontide,
With no shade to intervene.

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
Where the birds so sweetly sing,
And flowers forever blossom,
In everlasting spring.
Where happy, smiling faces
Light up this world of woe;
Where the sun with heavenly brightness,
Makes the heart with joy o'erflow.

"Bury me in the sunshine,"
Bright, beautiful and clear!
Pure as the spotless vestments
In which I now appear.
Chant sweet, your tuneful voices,
As ye now your friend resign:
Oh! "Death where is thy victory,"
The triumph now is mine.

The Cross of my dear Saviour,
Place on my funeral pall;
Waft high the smoking incense,
Weep not that I must fall.

Farewell! my home's in heaven,
My work on earth is done,
Thro' Christ, my great Redeemer,
I dwell with three in *one.*

Then "bury me in the sunshine,"
Let my body feel its glow,
Move on with measured footsteps,
Advance the cortege slow:—
Dust, to its kindred dust—
God's word must be obeyed;
In him I place my sacred trust,
And meet death undismayed.

Yes! you will go dear Father,
Where the sun shall ever shine,
Where the stars, all bright, together
Sing, our Maker is divine.
Where death can never enter,
Nor sorrow, care, nor pain;
Where the pure shall live forever,
And part no more again.

HEAVEN, MY HOME.

AIR—"*My Maryland.*"

There is a land of joy and peace,
In heaven my home; oh! heaven my home—
Where strife and sorrows, troubles cease,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.
Here on this earth of grief and woe,
Death cruel reigns with sin below.
True happiness alone we'll know,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.

There we shall live and never die,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home—
There all our treasures sacred lie,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.
In bliss our days will pass away
Sweet anthems sing, rejoice and pray,
There night is turned to glorious day,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.

Let sinner come, repent, be wise;
To heaven my home; to heaven my home—
Our Saviour beckons from the skies,
In heaven my home, in heaven my home.
Oh! do not trifle, tarry here:
The Bible speaks, let all men hear,
I long to read my title clear
To heaven my home; to heaven my home.

The loved departed there will meet,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home—
With angels round the mercy seat,
In heaven my home: in heaven my home.
From every care and anguish free,
And with our Lord and Saviour be,
Forever in eternity;
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.

Come to the altar, seek a place,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.
Oh! Lord, let me behold thy face,
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.
I humbly bow before thy throne:
Wilt thou a sinner love and own;
We come to Thee through thy dear Son,
To heaven my home; to heaven my home.

Then welcome death, I must away
To heaven my home; to heaven my home.
Not worlds can tempt me here to stay
From heaven my home; from heaven my home.
There is no terror in the tomb;
Our Saviour took away the gloom;
In our Father's house there still is room—
In heaven my home; in heaven my home.

"SOMETHING I SEE, MOTHER!"

The beautiful, accomplished and beloved daughter of ———, in the sixteenth year of her age, in the bloom of youth and loveliness, after a few days' illness, died. Just before her death, her devoted mother, who had been nightly, hourly watching over her, observed her stricken daughter intently gazing up to heaven, with a sweet smile, and as she looked she exclaimed: "Something I see!" then calmly, serenely breathed her last, and her pure spirit joined her sainted sister gone before.

"Something I see," dear mother,
Now beckons me away;
Angels are singing, mother,
Oh, sister, do not stay;
"Something I see" bright shining,
'Tis my glorious, happy home;
They are waiting for me, mother,
Dear sister whispers come.

Farewell, devoted mother,
I long have been your care;
God help you in your anguish,
Our parting now to bear;
Oft in the silent watches, mother,
Nightly you've soothed my pain;
How can I leave you, mother,
But we part to meet again.

Oh! you have been far dearer
Than worlds of golden store;
What love like thine, dear mother,
Enduring evermore;
Oh God! this cup take from me,
Again my health restore,
But let Thy will on earth be done.
Submissive I adore.

And you, kind loving father,
Round whom my heart-strings cling,
Press me to thy heart, father,
And kiss me as I sing
Of my heavenly Father's mercies,
His love and saving grace,
Whose goodness showered upon me,
In every act I trace.

Farewell, dear sisters, brothers,
Softly to me draw near.
"Something I see" angelic—
Lo! angel forms appear!
Death now has no more terrors—
Heaven opens bright and clear;
My Shepherd gently leads me,
I follow without fear.

Companions, youthful schoolmates,
Vain world and all adieu,
I mount, I fly to glory,
My Saviour now I view;
"Something I see" so lovely—
Hark! golden harps I hear;
One last fond look, now kiss me,
Oh, mother, see! they're here.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION HALL.

Our Father high in heaven,
To Thee our voices raise;
To Thee we dedicate this hall
With prayer and hymns of praise.

All glory to Thy name,
In glad hosannas sing;
We feel Thy holy presence here,
Our God, our heavenly king.

Young men this temple rear,
Assisted by Thy power;
With reverence bow in love this day,
And praise Thee for this hour.

Look down upon our cause,
Sustain this Christian band;
Let virtue, truth, religion pure,
Prevail throughout our land.

Let sinners here behold
Thy loving power and grace;
Thy mercies all our life surround
And guide our erring race.

The Young Mens' Christian Hall
Shall ever sacred be;
The word of God shall here be heard,
Proclaimed bold and free.

Our doors we open wide,
Invite the sinner in;
Here's room for all, come every one
Who feel the load of sin.

The Holy Bible is our guide,
On its dear truth we stand,
Its golden rules we will obey,
And spread them thro' the land.

Here raise the banner high,
Unfurl it to the world;
Fight for the crown with sword in hand
Till we Thy face behold.

And when our journey's done,
And all our wanderings o'er,
May our re-union be complete
Where friends shall part no more.

Where we shall walk in Halls
By saints and angels trod,
In temples pure not made with hands,
Built by the eternal God.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SONS OF MALTA HALL.

The Knights of Malta, noble band,
In ancient days renowned,
Brave to defend a righteous cause,
In glittering armor bound.

In Palestine (the Holy Land,)
They marched an army grand,
Avenging wrongs to poor and weak,
Sworn by each one to stand.

They bore the emblem of the Cross,
Plumed helmet on the brow,
Crusaders of the olden time—
We share their glory now.

Recorded on the scroll of Fame,
Enduring to all time,
Of worthy, honored feudal name,
Of chivalry sublime.

Descending from such noble sires,
Our hearts with valor burn,
To emulate their worthy deeds,
And priceless laurels earn.

As sons of Malta we unite,
And own their name with pride,
Unfurl our banners with their crest—
Their golden rule our guide.

To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Support the orphan dear;
The widow and the fatherless
With kindness ever cheer.

Each other's wants we will relieve,
Each other's sorrows share,
The cares of life, though thick they come,
We equally will bear.

Not to our Order we alone
Our Charity bestow;
All sects and nations we relieve—
Party we never know.

We make no show or empty boast
To blazen forth our name;
In secret ways our acts abound—
Pure Charity our aim.

No plot of treason ever fear,
No overt act e'er dread;
We are for the Union to the last,
With Washington our head.

We speak by signs, and symbols, too,
Which we all understand;
But these we cannot tell to you—
They bind us as a band.

These politics we will maintain—
Our Country now and ever;
The Constitution for our guide,
True Union men forever.

As Sons of Malta we are bound
This Union to prolong:
America! our fondest boast—
Columbia! right or wrong!

Our nation's flag we will unfurl,
Her honor is our glory:
The Sons of Malta are enrolled
Commingling with our story.

This glorious flag our fondest boast,
Our Order's flag forever;
The Stars and Stripes of this our land
Shall be down trodden never!

And on fair Cuba's verdant plains
Of rich and golden hue,
Columbia's flag, if they desire,
Can wave in triumph too.

Its eagle, soaring high above,
Shall point to us most true,
High honor, as she bears aloft
Our own Red, White and Blue.

May we all meet as brothers meet,
With hands and hearts entwined ;
Good will to all, and peace on earth,
With Charity combined.

And ladies fair, our first best love,
Dear to the Sons of Malta—all,
We welcome you with pride and joy
To grace our Order's Hall.

Your presence binds us here this day,
In golden chains of love;
Your smiles cheer up life's weary way,
May you our acts approve.

Then shall you all our virtues learn,
Our secrets never press,
But greet us with a cheerful smile,
The Sons of Malta bless.

And when upon this world below
Life's journey we plod on,
May our model be the Patriot Chief,
The Immortal WASHINGTON.

THE BIRTH DAY OF BURNS,

A POEM.

DELIVERD AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

The birthday of the poet Burns
To us again once more returns,
His name enshrined in memory's urn,
Shall consecrated be.
Come forth my muse this joyful hour,
And let me feel poetic power,
That I in minstrel strain may soar
In humble song with thee.

As friends of Burns we meet to-night,
Scots and Americans unite,
All nations freely we invite
To celebrate his birth—
For this is his dear natal day,
And oft may we our homage pay,
And greet you in this friendly way
In memory of his worth.

Sing of his never dying fame,
Sound thro' this hall our Burns's name,
A poet in the ploughman came,
Of modest mien was he;
Let us invoke his spirit now,
And to his heaven-born genius bow,
With laurels green bedeck his brow
Of immortality.

He is the poet of our hearts,
His song from nature ne'er departs,
Free from cold form or studied art,
The lowly is his theme;
He takes us to our boyhood's home,
Sweet visions to our memories come,
And tho' in distant lands we roam,
He makes us children seem.

No lordly mansion—downy bed,
Sheltered the poet's youthful head,
He in a lowly cot was bred,
'Mid want and poverty;
But what can chain the gifted mind,
Not lords or kings his soul could bind,
But soaring high, left all behind.
On eagle wings of liberty.

Whilst some are reared in halls of State,
Pampered and feasted by the great,
Misfortune seemed his cruel fate—
An exciseman was he;
But soon he dinners with the lords,
He graces all their festive boards,
Out-ranking kings and titled bards,
In heartfelt, truthful poetry.

Oft as we read his Cotter's Night,
Our hearts glow warm with sweet delight,
To see on earth, oh! blissful sight,
The saint—the father prays;
See virtue, lowly, meek and pure,
Enter with smiles the Cotter's door,
And heavenly benedictions pour,
Tuned in harmonious lays.

And then to Mary, aye in heaven,
In artless song his soul is given,
And thus from morning's sun till even,
Love cheers his saddest days;
Transported, we forget our woes,
With joy and peace the heart o'erflows,
Forgive each wrong and bless our foes,
And make on earth a heaven.

And to the lass of Ballachmyle,
By Mary sitting on the stile,
With charms angelic—free from guile,
The gentle Highland Mary;
With Peggy's face, and Peggy's form,
We'll brave the angry winter's storm,
And shield her from impending harm,
The heart that loved so dearly.

It is the morn, I ken her horn,
Then let us toast John Barley corn,
And pledge to him from night and morn,
Right hard to kill was he,
For he was cudgelled rude and sore,
And tossed and tumbled on the floor,
Must die, a solemn oath he swore,
Like a rogue, for forgerie.

Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
And take a cup for Auld Lang Syne,
For with John Anderson we dine,
Whose locks are like the snow;
With Tam O'Shanter let us dwell,
The landlord's laugh, we love it well,
Whilst the souter would his stories tell;
Tam homeward could not go.

In spite of Hornbook, says old death,
(Tho' in him you may put great faith,)
Each one at last must yield his breath,
For man was made to mourn.
Green be your fields, and fair your flowers,
With roses sweet in fairy bowers,
'Mid summer's suns and genial showers,
Immortal as our Burns.

Tho' Scotland may his birthplace claim,
America reveres his name—
As brothers, share the poet's fame,
The Ayrshire Bard adore;
A common property is he,
Of world-renowned celebrity,
O'er mountain, valley, lake and sea,
To earth's remotest shore.

And may each one with us to night,
Scots who do know and love the right,
For freedom's cause, and honor fight,
Join hearts and hands sincere,
And firmly by our country stand,
The flag of your adopted land,
United as a patriot band,
Our Washington revere.

Oppression's chains Scots cannot bear,
By Wallace and a Bruce firm swear,
For liberty, death, peril share,
Forever loyal be;
Scots and Americans are joined.
Opposing tyrant's chains that bind
The fetters of the immortal mind,
Love, Union and fraternity.

Then let the joyful songs resound,
Let mirth and pure good-will abound,
Americans must here be found,
And with you share his fame;
To worth and manhood ever due,
Oft may we meet as brothers do,
And friendship, love and truth renew,
In Robert Burns's name.

TO THE BALTIMORE CITY GUARDS,

ON THEIR RETURN FROM VISITING THE AMOSKEAG VETERANS MANCHESTER, N. H.

We greet you, Guards, on your return;
Your corps we proudly call our own;
At home, abroad, your fame is known,
Welcome home again!
With fond regard and care we claim
The glory of your honored name,
And share with you the soldier's fame,
Long as our lives endure!

We hail you from the Granite State,
Land of "Amoskeags," the great,
"Veterans," whom we emulate:
Welcome home again!
We greet you from New Hampshire's hills,
The land of heroes! Men of skill:
Three cheers we give with right good will,
For the Guards of Baltimore!

Pride of New Hampshire's mountain land,
Cheers for Manchester's "Veteran" band,
A monument their name will stand,
Of hospitality.
Their kindness you can ne'er repay,
They made your presence with them gay,
And now to them, when far away,
Pledge to their memory!

And by the ties of friendship dear,
By our loved homes we all revere,
By woman's smile and woman's tear,
Welcome, welcome home!
For we rejoice you have returned,
With priceless laurels justly earned,
Where freedom's fires brightly burned—
The Amoskeag's own home.

Now let us, as in days of yore,
Raise high the cup and drink once more
Health to the Guards of Baltimore,
Their welcome home again!
Ye Guards, whom Cheeves often led,
And Guards when Thomson was your head,
With Milliken, the soldier bred,
And our McDonald, too.

Yes, Guards, in Weston's full command,
The pride, the boast of Maryland,
And now with Warner you will stand,
A full battalion strong.
And Parks, the gallant Captain, too,
Johannes, and a Woodburn true,
With Harry Scott, who is "a few,"
Welcome home again!

Tho' you have seen some tall *rocks*
The City Guard can stand hard knocks,
Know what to do with *hot box*,
If in *good condition*.
Ready to fight when duty calls,
Stand by our flag whate'er befalls,
Go through a Port Hole, Scale the Wall,
With a *Peck of Oats, provision*.

Your well known flag to us is dear,
Its stars and stripes we here will cheer,
Its eagle eye is bright and clear,
Even gazing on the sun.
Then shout the gladsome jubilee,
For it is our boon of liberty,
Which proudly floats over land and sea,
Proclaiming freedom's power.

Shall we forget the Blues' famed band,
With Captain Holland in command?
We welcome you with heart and hand,
To Baltimore once more!
Strike up your music merrily,
"Home again," the strain shall be:
"Home again," what joy to see
From New England's shore!

The Independent Greys once more
Welcome the Guards to Baltimore,
With "tigers" three, and then *encore*,
Receive you on this day!
May we in soldier's ties be bound,
When danger calls be ever found,
United on our native ground
The City Guards and Greys!

ORIGINAL ODE:

Written and delivered before the Order of Red Men, on the occasion of the dedication of their New Hall.

This hall we meet to dedicate,
Come join us in our lay;
Our hearts are light—our hopes are bright
On this auspicious day.
Our hands this temple high have rear'd,
Our Order to maintain;
The Red Man's home looks proudly up,
It is our Order's fane.

From age to age the Red Man roam'd
Thro' forests wild and free,
With none to fear or make afraid
Save his own Deity.
Wild as the torrent's thundering foam,
Brave as the bravest Brave—
His palace was the thicket wood,
Wash'd by the river's wave.

The pale-face came—the Indian bow'd,
And own'd a master mind:
His idols and his gods he broke—
The savage was refined!
And as the Indian, bold and rude,
The pale-face did revere—
The peaceful arts—the sacred laws
Of God he learn'd to fear.

The paths of sin, so often trod,
Religion taught to shun;
Kindness and mercy soon began
Thro' all his acts to run;
And—now behold a band of men
Founded upon their name;
Their virtues take—their vice refuse,
Kindness and love their aim.

As Red Men, we the pipe of peace
Extend to all mankind;
The hatchet, too, shall buried be,
While Love our tribe shall bind.
And while we meet, as brothers meet,
With hearts and hands entwined;
Good will to all, and peace on earth,
With Charity combined.

Then, as we raise our cheerful songs,
What transport fills each breast!
This temple we with pride have rear'd,
And ask it to be blessed.
Come help us all with right good will,
Our Wigwam to sustain;
Then council fires shall brightly burn
O'er valley, hill and plain.

Then shall the world our merits learn,
Our secrets not condemn;
But greet us with a cheerful smile,
And bless the white Red Men!
And ladies fair—the Red Man's love,
Your eyes our bosoms charm;
We welcome you with hearts of joy,
To grace our own Wigwam.
Your papooses shall be our care,
Our squaws shall never want;
With waumpum you shall be supplied,
While we are on the hunt.
Your presence binds us here this day,
In chains we cannot sever:
Your smiles light up our lone pathway,
Of Red Men's love forever.

The widow and the fatherless
Shall never plead in vain,
While we have hearts and hands to save,
The orphan we'll maintain.
Each other's wants we will relieve,
Each other's sorrows share;
The cares of life, though thick they come,
Like burdens we will bear.

So, thro' this world of chequer'd scenes,
With hearts to mercy given,
We'll dwell in friendship's sacred bonds,
Then join our tribe in heaven.
Our country's flag we will unfurl,
Its honor is our glory;
The Red Man's name throughout the world
Commingles with our story.

This glorious flag! our proudest boast,
The Red Man's flag forever!
The stars and stripes of this our land
Shall be earth-trodden—never!
The union of these noble States
Our beacon light shall be,
The Constitution for our guide—
Our pass word, "Liberty!"

For we are bound as brothers here,
This Union to prolong;
America shall be our toast,
Our country—right or wrong!

Land of our sires! our flag shall wave
Where'er the Red Men roam,
Till the Great Spirit from above
Shall call them to his home.
And when upon this hunting ground
The Red Man's race is run,
We'll meet our high Chief in the skies,
The immortal Washington!

DRUID HILL PARK.

AIR.—*Dearest May.*

Let other cities boast of Parks,
Of fountains, lake and rill,
Awake my muse and sing the charms
Of lovely Druid Hill!
Here nature lends her beauteous aid,
And scorns the artist's skill!
Here woods and dales, and waterfalls,
Rejoice on Druid Hill.

CHORUS—Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice on Druid Hill!
Here hills and dales, and waterfalls,
Rejoice on Druid Hill.

The noble forests towering high,
Our hearts with grandeur fill,
The loveliest spot upon this earth
To me is Druid Hill.
With Autumn's richest foliage clad,
At eve when all is still,
By moonlight come and go with me
To enchanted Druid Hill.

Rejoice, rejoice.

The artizan can here repair,
Forget his shop and mill,
Breathe the pure air and drink the dew
On balmy Druid Hill.
The merchant here laughs at his notes,
His banks and discount bill,
Comes out with spirits light and gay,
In peace on Druid Hill.

Rejoice, rejoice.

Here, when the summer's sun beams down
With breath of sickly ill,
The poor, the rich, the high and low,
Revive on Druid Hill.
The lover here can sigh and woo
With the dove and whippoorwill—
His heart so happy, free from care
'Mid the groves of Druid Hill.
Rejoice, rejoice.

And children, full of joyous glee,
Romp, play, and shout at will;
Oh! what an earthly paradise
To them is Druid Hill.
One boon alone is all I ask
My cup with bliss to fill,
To live and love forever dwell
In a cot on Druid Hill.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

At friendship's holy shrine,
This tribute here I bring;
Accept, tho' poor it be,
My humble offering.

How sad from those to part,
Whose virtues we revere;
The true, the noble and refined—
Whose friendship is sincere.

Yes, still in visions sweet,
Thy form I oft will see,
A solace in my lonely hours
Once happy passed with thee.

May roses strew thy path—
Be happiness thy lot;
One other wish I ask—
Let me be not forgot.

BURNS.

Once more we meet, kind friends to greet
  Within this social hall,
To sing again in cheerful strain,
  To the Poet of them all;
Let us revive, and keep alive,
  His memory ever dear,
Bring fresh to mind his virtues kind,
  Old Scotias Poet cheer.

Oh! happy night, when all delight
  To sing of Robert Burns,
We bless the hour, we feel his power,
  Welcome these sweet returns;
And tho' one hundred years are gone,
  Kings, rulers passed away,
His songs are sung in every tongue,
  More sweetly every day.

We touch the glass to every lass,
  We love them more and more,
In poesey, sweet minstrelsy,
  His songs to them did soar,
For woman's smile did him beguile,
  To her he tuned his lays,
To the bonny fair, on the banks Ayr,
  His soul poured out his praise.

Strike up the band of music grand,
  Each song of Burns encore,
We all agree we ne'er shall see
  His like on earth no more;
And as we stand with glass in hand,
  Pledge to his memory,
Each year we'll sing, fresh garlands bring
  To Burns' minstrelry.

Now friends must part, each generous heart
  Must leave this festive scene,
Drink rosy wine for Auld Lang Syne,
  He's with us, tho' unseen.

TEMPERANCE POEM.

WRITTEN FOR CADETS OF TEMPERANCE, INDEPENDENT SECTION No. 4.

Temperance, oh! it is to thee
I strike the harp of poesy,
Thou bright-eyed Goddess, meek and mild,
Friend of mankind;
May all within this hall to-night,
Come to the rescue with his might,
Unite in this most worthy fight,
To put old whiskey down.

Cadets of Temperance are here
With youthful forms this work to cheer,
Independence name they bear,
United as a band;
With friendship's ties forever true,
Proclaim their principles to you,
Reform and temperance keep in view,
Firm on this platform stand.

Cadets of Independence Section, No. 4,
Make this appeal, and ask your aid once more,
Your kind assistance they require
To raise the Temperance banner higher,
And onward march with youthful fire,
With perseverance true.

The name you bear we proudly own,
For independence has been won,
Thro' our beloved Washington,
Temperate and pure was he;
And as we speak that honored name,
First in our hearts, and first in fame,
His temperate life will be our aim,
His virtues ever see.

Let virtue's friends this cause defend,
Your aid they seek, on you depend,
Let youth and age with joy attend,
And proudly sign his name;

For thro' our city far and wide,
The drunkard walks with bloated pride,
And fashion swells the tippler's tide,
Lost to all sense of shame.

Religion's voice must here be heard,
The Bible speaks with sacred word,
Good ministers with one accord,
Shout out with trumpet-tongue;
Come up each one and be enrolled,
In the Temperance book, more dear than gold,
Or diamonds bright, of wealth untold,
By Eastern poets sung.

And maidens fair with true delight,
Wives, mothers, all with you unite,
Meet with you on this happy night,
To lend their charming power;
For first in all good virtuous plans,
Kind woman, guardian angel stands,
With winning voice and willing hand,
Firm in each trying hour.

Your presence here again we cheer,
Your songs are ever to us dear,
Sing sweetly on with voices clear,
In one harmonious strain;
High honor him who can withstand,
The tempting glass in friendship's hand,
Who by the temperance pledge will stand,
Its principles maintain.

The friends of temperance are found,
Among the good, their walks abound,
May all their life with joy be crowned,
Blest with prosperity;
No herald need to sound their praise,
They love to walk in wisdom's ways,
In doing good they pass their days,
Their motto—"strict sobriety."

But see the drunkard in his walks,
Despised, dishonored, forth he stalks,
Bad hat and ragged clothes;
His pimpled face and nose so red,
Proclaims the life that he has led,
A sign-post where he goes.

And with a brick-bat in that hat,
With hair uncombed like to a mat,
With dry and parched tongue;
Is quite forgetful, calls you "boss,"
And hiccups, "how are you old hoss,"
"Go it while you're young."

He with you all, great freedom takes,
He calls you Bill, and sometimes Jakes,
He goes it *boots*, and wakes up *snakes*,
And wades in *lemons* too;
Gets very bold and wants to fight,
The Police grab, because he's tight,
The watch-house is his home that night,
His bed a soft plank too;
And on a spree he seems so bent,
To Justice Showacre he's sent,
Who soon knows what to do,
Inflicts a fine of sixty-six cents,
And the costs, which make one seventy-two.

And when for home he wends his way,
From which he can no longer stay,
The streets seems crooked, up-hill lay,
And hit him in the face;
And when his house he doth descry,
The door is up, most awful high,
The steps seem in the very sky,
"*And they've stole the key-hole,*" is his cry,
Oh! what a rocky case.

Soon a loud knocking at the door,
"My dear wont you let me in no more;"
"A pretty time of night,
Why did'nt you come home before?
Look at the clock, its now three or more."

"That cannot be my darling dear,
For by the town clock's solemn chimes
It's only one—I counted,
I heard it strike one—three times."

The many names and curious shapes
This liquor sometimes takes,
Puzzles the wise men how to learn,
The mixes and the shakes.

Some take "a breeze" if weather hot,
Some take "a nip" if rather cold,
Some "smashes" swallow in a storm,
They say it strenghtens four-fold.

Some take "a fog driver" in the morn,
To see more clearly thro' the day,
A sort of "eye opeuer" in a horn,
A regular "snorter" as they say.

Some take "a night cap" as they go to bed,
They snore much easier you know,
Besides it cures a cold that's raging in the head,
At any rate the bar keeper told them so.

Some "cobblers" swallow, "julips" sip,
These are the b'hoys that say "let her rip,"
A sucker they put in the glass,
Which then into the mouth they pass—
These are suckers of the first class.

The very bitters that we drink,
And think so very good,
For heartburn, weakness, cholic too,
Is whiskey, understood.

They say it is healthy, makes us glad,
Feel rich and glorious too,
Drives care away, makes business brisk,
And pays our notes when due;
A never failing antidote for all the ills below,
Cures all complaints, heals broken heads,
A balm for every woe.

But as we on this picture dwell,
We take another view,
See the hand writing on the wall,
The end the drunkard's coming to.

Whatever form this liquor takes,
Or how subdued the name,
It is our curse, our deadliest foe,
It is the devil's game.

The widow's tears a tale can tell,
Of sorrow's cup the fill,
Her hopes are blasted, joys are gone,
With him she loved so well.

The partner of her married life,
In happiness she wed,
Is now a drunkard and a brute,
With him her peace has fled.

Her home is cheerless, cold and drear,
No food or comfort there,
Her little children, shivering stand,
The objects of despair.

The sheriff comes to close the scene,
Oh! sad and woeful day,
The landlord stern must have his rent,
Tho' she has nought to pay.

The father, hoary headed sire,
Bent down with age and woe,
Cries out "'twas *rum* that made my son,
A *thief* and *rowdy*, too."

The orphan dear with ragged form,
With hunger, haggard eye,
Cries out with sobs amid the storm,
"*Rum* made my father die."

And see the drunkard with his nose,
And bleared and bloated face,
His Maker now would know him not,
To man, a foul disgrace.

Is this the sweet and prattling child
That clung around a mother's knee,
Is this my loved and fair haired boy,
Whose laugh rang loud and free?

How oft I've watched with tearful eye
When sleep his eyelids pres't,
I pillowed softly, smoothed his bed,
And clasped him to my breast.

A mother's prayers his sickness bles't,
Cooled his hot feverish brow,
With kisses on that dimpled cheek—
Is this the same form now?

When on the bed of pain he lay,
My prayer to heaven did soar,
I prayed that he would once again,
My boy to health restore.

'Twas granted—he was well,
Bright, lovely as before,
Oh God! I ask but one request—
Let me not see him more.

Yes! this poor beastly, bloated wretch
Was once a mother's pride,
A mother loved him as her life,
And would for him have died.

Bright, glossy ringlets once did curl
O'er a pure and spotless brow,
But now they're matted, dyed in blood,
He does not know me now.

Why is this great and awful change,
So wondrous to behold?
It is the thirst for cursed drink,
The victim of the bowl!

The low and grovelling groggeries,
The gaudy gilded hells,
Where ardent spirits are dealt out—
Damnation, by the gill.

Close up these sinks of sin and vice,
So tempting, bright and gay,
The temperance pledge let each one take
And dash the cup away.

And join the glorious temperance cause,
Your joys will then increase,
For her ways are ways of happiness,
And all her paths are peace.

Let temperance your motto be,
Touch not the maddening bowl,
'Twill save the body, raise the mind,
And lastly, save the soul.

Let this good cause throughout our land,
But once established be,
Our prison doors will open wide,
The captive will go free.

Our penitentiaries now so full
Of convicts steeped in blood,
Will be restored to friends again,
And ranked among the good.

And virtue pure will sit enthroned,
High as the heavens above,
Then, man reformed, will join in praise,
With blessings to his God.

For His right arm can save the wretch
Bowed down with drink forlorn,
Can give him strength and firmness too,
With resolution strong.

Take courage then and be a man,
Come up and join the cause,
'Tis for your good, your own dear self,
To try these temperance laws.

Pure water, clear and free they drink,
Fresh from the gurgling rill,
Without money, without price,
Come and take your fill.

No headache and no bloodshot eyes,
No nose of purple hue,
No bloated cheek, no nauseous breath,
Will be in store for you.

But fresh and fair as maiden's blush,
Your cheek shall roseate be,
Your blood will healthy course your veins,
And pain and misery flee.

The army of cold water boys,
Will form and wheel in line,
And march with colors waving high,
To conquer all combined.

The temperance flag they now unfurl,
And stand by it with pride,
And fight beneath its ample folds,
With the Bible by their side.

And like our own dear spangled flag,
Our emblem now and ever,
The temperance flag and the stars and stripes,
Shall wave in triumph forever.

And then our good old ship of state,
Shall be manned by a temperance crew,
The temperance boys high up aloft.
Will nail their colors true.

For the temperance boys make Union men,
Their duty nobly do,
Fling out their ensign from the mast,
Our own red, white and blue.

For Union now and evermore,
The temperance boys will stand,
With virtue, truth, sobriety,
Reform our cherished land.

For what can check the youthful mind,
Their course is ever on,
March forward, conquering all combined,
Like our victorious Washington.

Then wave again the temperance flag,
Throughout this glorious land,
Let every patriot, young or old,
On the temperance platform stand.

PUMPS vs. HYDRANTS.

Parody on "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

Respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Members of the City Council of Baltimore on learning they had passed an Ordinance of Secession from the City Pumps.

City Fathers! spare that pump!
Touch not its liquid spout;
In youth it quench'd my thirst,
And is not yet played out.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed thee in this spot;
Then, Councils, let it stand—
Its waters harm thee not.

That never-failing pump,
Whose waters bless the town,
That gushes pure and free—
Why wouldst thou take it down!
City Fathers of the First Branch,
Fill not up these wells;
Oh! spare the city pumps!
For in them life, health, dwells.

When but a poor school-boy
I seized thy ladle dear,
In all its dripping joy,
And quaffed thy waters clear.

Here my mother washed my face,
And scrubbed my little hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old pump stand.

When hydrants pour forth mud
From reservoirs impure,
And good wives scold and fret,
Such evils to endure—
To thee we turn, old pump,
For water cool and clear.
When clay streams fill the plugs,
Then thou art still more dear.

To thee bright buckets bring
And pitchers, tin-cups, send,
Drink from thy crystal spring,
The poor man's only friend.
Dear pump! thou shalt remain
On this old watering spot,
Altho' 'tis very plain
City Fathers love thee not.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG SOLDIER.

The soldier sleeps in a soldier's grave,
He died his flag he loved to save,
His youthful form brave met the blow,
O'er his dear tomb let sad tears flow.

Beloved by all in his command,
The boy, a soldier proud did stand,
His march was short, a brief campaign,
On the Roll they call his name in vain.

Let comrades o'er him volleys fire,
Present arms, march, then slow retire,
A soldier's death, what glorious fame,
In our hearts shall live our comrade's name.

Oh! murmur not at God's command,
He's ordered to a better land,
Where wars, and fighting, anguish cease,
Where lov'd hearts severed, meet in peace.

ADDRESS OF THE NIGHT POLICE.

We Night Police, our labors cease,
Once more invoke the Bard,
To sing in rhymes, for Christmas times,
And publish this our Card.

And as we mourn the year that's gone,
Fleet as the morning dew;
So now we greet, with friendship sweet,
A happy New Year too.

Shall we review the year passed thro';
Its sorrows, cares and woes?
No; while we write they're out of sight,
And so our life-time goes.

But we will dwell, on those who fell,
While carrying out our laws;
Brave, noble men: oh, could my pen
Do justice to their cause.

First we proclaim a "Jourdan's" name,
Who nobly shed his blood,
Firm did he stand, with his command,
A hero brave and good.

Yes, "Benton" too, and "Rigdon" true,
We boast upon our Roll;
Such men as these in our Police,
Shed honor on the whole.

But drop a tear, a tear upon the bier,
Of those who nobly died,
Their worthy names we ever claim,
And honor them with pride.

And many more of such in store,
Our Police Roll will show,
Whose acts and fame deserve a name,
As all the public know.

If we do well, our deeds will tell,
We make no empty boast;
Approved we stand, a faithful band,
Die fighting at our post.

So then to you, we bid adieu,
Till twelve months more roll round,
May we again your favors claim,
And friendship then renew.

And may we all, whate'er befall,
Be Union men so true,
By our country stand, with flag in hand,
Our own Red, White and Blue.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE HOLLIDAY ST. THEATRE AFTER IT WAS REMODELED AND IMPROVED.

What pleasing scenes are before us displayed,
Wealth, beauty, fashion, innocence arrayed,
With hearts so kind, of pure and true delight,
To greet with smiles old Drury's opening night.

We hail you, patrons of the drama true,
With pride and joy our compliments renew,
Old Holliday once more herself again,
Long may we hope your favors to retain.

Since last me met, what change comes o'er the scene,
We hardly know where often we have been,
All, all seems new, old things have passed away,
Improvement reigns the order of the day.

Friends of the drama, of the tragic board,
Behold the master hand proclaims a Ford!
And when you here in pleasure take your fill,
Come each again and help him foot the bill.

And let these walls re-echo once again,
Let music swell in soft voluptuous strain,
Let trumpet speak, let mimic thunder roar,
And Manager Ford will be himself once more.

Where are the actors who in days of yore
Made this old Drury echo to encore?
Where are they now in tragedy sublime?
Alas! they've played their parts in their own time.

Who now can rank in ever varied fun,
With Warren, Francis, or a Jefferson,
A Booth, a Cooper, Wood, when shall we see,
Not on the stage their like shall ever be.

And other actors to the present day,
Some good, some bad, they each will pass away,
'Tis ours the mirror up to nature show,
And laugh and sing and feel another's woe.

Oh, envy not the actor's nightly lot,
His care, his studies, even his name forgot,
His happiest hour is soon among the past,
Your kind approval, all he seeks at last.

New forms, new faces on the stage appear,
Some few, alas! are not true actors here,
May we act well our part, there honor lies,
And have a hit at folly as she flies.

Before we close, allow us one more word,
And that refers to Mr. Manager Ford,
Though city father once, yet now no more,
A citizen in humble life same as before.

The stage from politics must be kept free,
For we have learned that they cannot agree,
Some we may please, while others we offend,
On the great public we alone depend.

But on this platform we will ever stand,
We love our country and our native land,
And for the union of these States so free,
We'll fight or die for home and liberty.

March to the music of the Union ever,
Our country first and last defend forever,
And our own flag so beauteous to behold,
Bright waving o'er us, we will fight the world.

And when upon the last great battle field,
O'erpowered and vanquished, we are compelled to yield.
Our winding sheet this glorious flag shall be,
With our latest breath, shout death or liberty!

TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS AND BACK, JUNE 8, 1863.

BY ONE WHO WENT ALONG.

AIR—"*Vive la Companie.*"

The City Councils of Baltimore went on a spree,
Vive la Companie!
The Northern Central Railway gave tickets free,
Vive la Companie!
To Niagara Falls the party was to go,
And have a grand blow-out at city of Buffalo,
Which did not come off, as some of us know.
Vive la Companie!
Vive la, Vive la, Vive la song,
Vive la, Vive la, Vive la glee,
Vive la song, Vive la glee,
Vive la Companie!

Full of fun we jumped aboard at the Calvert station,
Invited guests, Congressmen and big-bugs of the nation,
The cars and the fixings where all rich and grand,
With comforts for the inner man in profusion on hand,
And big-hearted *Hollins*, was chief in command.

The locomotive gave the whistle, ting-a-ling went the bell,
All aboard says Conductor, to Baltimore farewell,
Such a waving of 'kerchiefs, huzzas from the throng,
Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Good-bye, was the song,
"Our Union forever," our land, right or wrong.

We had Hon. S. Cameron and Francis P. Blair,
Deford, Hoopes, Ellicott, and a Bishop was there,
With Schaeffer and Norris, honest men rare,
Duer, Young and McClymont, who for the Union declare,
Woods, Dennis and Lowry, all on the square,

With Evans—Disney and Union man Proud,
Schwartz, Markland and Mules, a jolly good crowd;
Hon. F. Cockran and our Secretary Hill,
Cheers for them give with a hearty good will,
For they are Union forever—stand by our flag still.

Major Horner and Hayward, Ewalt and a Root,
Bond, Hatch and a Barron, and Moody to boot,
With Parkhurst and Cunningham, loyal and true,
McCubbin and Cassard, and Creamer, too,
Who love our own Banner, the Red, White and Blue.

We had Bandel, Burke, Hoffman and a bright *Star*,
City Register Thompson, all in one car,
Needles, sharp good boy and a *wag*,
Who gave to each guest a *Star Spangled Flag*—
Of such the true Union men boast and can brag.

Brothers Hopkins and Dunlap, Ex-Sheriff Hines,
Poets McCabe and McJilton must come in these lines;
Judge Casey and others, not mentioned in rhyme,
Invited to go just to have a good time,
To see the great Falls and scenery sublime.

The Press so mighty was represented full:
We had Fulton, a Wingate, and Clipper E. Bull.
Major Berger and Wallace, Church and a Tidd,
With Higgins, Clapp, Capron, who drank when we did;
Though modest, their light from the world can't be hid.

About 11 o'clock, being dry, went in the forward car,
Good gracious, what a sight, a full breasted bar;
The Councils, with knife and fork played a strong game,
Generals and Statesmen also did the same,
And washed down all with iced champagne.

We toasted the *President*, *Directors* and the *Smalls*,
Allowed this was the only route to Niagara Falls,
The quickest, the shortest, the safest, the best,
The air line route to the great mighty West—
To all of the above we freely attest.

We dashed through York and arrived at Troy,
Where the true Union men received us with joy.
The only ugly varmint that filled us with dread,
Was a tarnal pison sarpint they called Copperhead;
We thought, that all such in the North was dead, dead.

But *Horner* tuned up and gave them a song,
We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong;
"Rally Round Flag," "Wave Stripes and Stars,"
"Ours is the True One," "Down Stars and Bars:"
The Copperheads listen and stood round the cars.

Music hath charms to fill the savage heart,
Soon they shouted for the Union, but the cars had to start,
So we left them bawling for one song more,
The Flag you sing to us we swear to adore,
Cheers for My Maryland and true Baltimore.

We, like lightning, dashed on and arrived at Elmira,
The muse must push on for fear he will tire you;
Where a banquet was given a reception at depot,
Grand entertainment, wines and what not,
Patriotic speeches by Dukehart and Wilmot.

True hospitality here was given,
By her noble hearted citizens, and Hon. A. S. Diven;
This sentiment here now permit us to say,
Cheers for sweet Elmira, so lovely and gay,
Where we could live forever and have nothing to pay.

And here if you wish to tarry a spell,
Be sure to take rooms at the *Brainard* Hotel,
A home for the traveller here you will find,
Attention, good waiters, polite and kind,
The host and the table to suit every mind.

The whistle and bell warned us to go on,
For pretty girls and good dinner were waiting at Avon;
So all jumped aboard, singing to our flag be true,
"Stand by the Union" sweet Elmira adieu,
Your cottages, gardens, and *belles* fair to view.

As we flew o'er the road we had full and plenty,
We numbered in great men about one hundred and twenty,
The only draw-back here you must know,
Was the non-reception, if you term it so,
Of the Copperhead Mayor of Buffalo.

But we did not care, this slight we could afford,
We had lots of wit, fun and talent aboard,
So a meeting we held in the parlor of hotel,
Made a big Western speech, which took very well,
Sang songs for the Union, good stories did tell.

Next morning, a blessing we had to bestow,
On the Copperheads in general of Old Buffalo,
Gathered up carpet bags, beat a hasty retreat,
As we left, shook our heads and the dust off our feet,
Sang Maryland, oh Maryland, My Maryland so sweet.

When we travel this way, to the "American" we'll go,
The crack hotel of Buffalo.
The viands, the wines, are all of the best,
The landlord's sole pleasure to please every guest,
Stop at the *American*, the best house out West.

All aboard, says Conductor, now for the Falls,
International Hotel, her hops and her balls;
The landlord forever, true Union men toast,
He can keep a hotel—the right man for a host,
The Prince of good-fellows, of him we all boast.

After washing and fixin', we took a fast hack,
To cross Suspension Bridge to Canada and back;
Crack went the whip, joy in all hearts,
For the first time to travel to strange, foreign parts,
The land of the Queen and Secesh upstarts.

We gazed on the bridge with great fear and wonder,
Allowed that it beat all creation to thunder,
Sang Star Spangled Banner with all our heart,
And owned that the builder was a chap pretty smart,
Asked which were the greater, works of nature or art.

On Canada side went to Museum, registered name,
It cost twenty-five cents to play at that game,
But one thing happened which caused some doubt,
You could go in for nothing, look all about,
But a quarter had to pay before you could get out.

We bought some fans, just to have it said
That they were out of foreign stuff made;
They each had a bird, which looked very pretty,
Fit presents for any gay, rich Southern beauty,
But we did not know they were subject to *duty*.

They were all packed up in a nice little box,
Some slippers, some pieces of famed Table Rocks,
Which we handed the driver, who seemed to be boss,
Then back to the bridge which we tried to cross,
But a custom-house man seized us by the hoss.

Have you any goods bought in a strange foreign land,
Subject to duty which are contraband?
This to our spokesman seemed something new,
Who drily replied only a fan or two;
Ha! ha! says he, Uncle Sam must have his due.

The duty is only thirty-five per cent,
Oh! we wish we had never to foreign parts went,
You must pay in gold or legal tenders he swore,
We offered greenbacks, we thought good the world o'er,
Which he took by our paying forty per cent. more.

Next time we desire to purchase a fan,
We will buy on this side pure, true American,
This lesson is deep engraved on our heart,
If we travel again to a strange foreign part,
Learn *Custom-house* duties before we start.

The Union Musical Association bought a tall cap,
A gift for their President to take a nap,
It was bully, and nothing shorter,
He wore it to the hotel, some says he hadn't oughter,
For which *Fulton* agreed to give him a quarter.

Here's to Niagara and the great mighty West,
Wonder of all wonders as the world can attest,
The learned and great are here bound in a spell,
Of thy beauty and grandeur, no pen can e'er tell,
We gaze, sigh, in silence adore, say farewell!

Now homeward to Baltimore, we must return,
Where the starlights of Union forever bright burn,
Thro' mountains and valleys our steam-horse swift draws,
To Williamsport, famed for her gangs of great saws,
For true hospitality, good order and laws.

As we neared old Baltimore how joyous the strain,
One full chorus rang out "Home, sweet Home Again,"
To "My Maryland" forever, loyal and true,
Where they honor the laws, keep Constitution in view,
And stand by the flag, our Red, White and Blue.

Now o'er the wide world, where'er we roam,
There's no place so dear as our birth-place and home.
And here, ere I close, I must make the assertion
There ne'er was so pleasant, an agreeable excursion,
So full of enjoyment and innocent diversion.

And now, as we part, in truth we must say
The kindness of the *Smalls* we can never repay.
To the President, Directors of Northern Central Railroad
of Baltimore,
We return sincere thanks a thousand times o'er,
And hope if they go again, they'll send tickets to us four.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS—1862.

With pen in hand we make our bow,
And write in verse best we know how,
'Mid war's alarms and battle's din,
Sing old year out and new year in.

In the last year that's past and gone,
Friends have departed one by one,
Some battling for our flag did fall,
For the Union gave their lives, their all.

Some rushed to swell our army grand,
To fight for their loved native land;
Seeking for fame 'mid cannon's roar,
To full "three hundred thousand more."

The clouds obscure sometimes the day,
The sun will shine, drive gloom away;
Let us on the bright side look,
And write and sing from nature's book.

Throw cares and troubles all aside,
Do good to all, virtue our guide;
Keep conscience clear, avoid offence,
Success will be our recompense.

The Constitution keep in view,
Left by our fathers good and true;
Sections and party all forego,
One flag, one country only know.

Thus far we've run upon the way,
We have some other things to say;
Bear with us yet our wayward muse,
Tho' oft we call, sometimes refuse.

'Mid revolution, civil war,
And party strife, more deadly far;
Rebellion, scourge and curse of God,
Smites us with a chastening rod.

The Union which our fathers blest,
Land of the exile and oppress'd,
Distracted, severed, rent in twain,
And reason's voice, heard all in vain.

Extremists from the South and North,
From happy States brought misery forth;
And politics, great bane of all,
The first true cause of our downfall.

Secession, abolition dire,
Blast like a wild consuming fire,
Turn men to fiends, this land to blood,
Sweep on, a devastating flood.

No Washington is here to save,
Webster and Clay sleep in their grave;
They who could help are with the dead,
Their patriot souls forever fled.

Were Jackson here no State would dare,
Her State-right doctrine to declare ;
Calhoun himself, great nullifier,
Could not keep up his Southern fire.

Is there not one great giant mind,
In cords of love these States to bind;
The Union dear once more restore,
Be happy as we were before.

Yes, do not fear, God is our trust,
Our cause in triumph, conquer must;
One strong united powerful blow,
Combined, will conquer every foe.

Some one among us will be found,
Whose head with laurels may be crowned,
Perhaps a second Washington
Will rise and lead our armies on.

Eight hundred thousand in the field,
Must never to the rebels yield;
Our iron-clads and mortar fleet,
Will make our victory more complete.

Our army, too, our boast and pride,
Forward moves on with brave Burnside,
No cloud shall dim our hero's name,
Who shared Antietam's glorious fame.

Brave Rosecranz and Franklin too,
With fighting Hooker, Siegel true,
All confidence we have in Banks,
And Halleck foremost in the ranks.

Fort Donaldson, let me attest,
Caved in to the heroes of the West,
Buell and Foote, on land or sea,
Where'er they move make rebels flee.

Then North Carolina, New Orleans,
And Norfolk got hot butter'd beans;
Picayune Butler came to town,
Lord Lovell's rag was soon haul'd down.

And Wise, contrary to his name,
He played the fool with a brag game,
On paper fought his battles well,
John Brown he hung, so they do tell.

The Monitor of Erickson,
With Worden in command,
Soon did avenge the heavy loss
Of the noble Cumberland.

And Maryland stood firm and true,
On the Union always sound,
Tho' Southern, loves her flag so dear,
On the Union, stands her ground.

Jackson and Lee to Frederick came,
But soon they had to skedaddle,
The secesh friends they hoped to find,
Left them home again to waddle.

Geary and Kenly, Slocum said,
To Maryland we will attend
McClellan's name alone will save,
Our country's honor will defend.

Tho' great mistakes and counsels bad
Have made us mourn, our people sad,
Still let us by experience learn,
All our mishaps to good will turn.

Statesmen and Generals now we see,
On one broad platform firm agree,
One flag and Union only know,
One end—rebellion's overthrow.

The negro question put aside,
The Union be alone our pride,
The Constitution and the laws
Guide, govern, in our glorious cause.

Our country be our present care,
For home, death, peril we will dare;
The star-gemmed flag of Washington,
Shall be our flag when peace is won.

It waves in triumph as of yore,
Emblem of unity and power;
The flag victorious every where,
With each bright star and stripe still there.

Soon peace shall bless our land again,
Swords turned to ploughshares, till the plain;
Quarrels and fightings then will cease,
And North and South unite in peace.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HURRAH SONG,

A FEW MORE VERSES,

Being the experience of a high private in the rear rank of the Picket Guard of the "Anderson League," during the last rebel raid in Maryland.

(from page 24.)

Did you ever in your born days a sodgering go?
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We have, and now our experience you must know:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
To "Anderson League" our name we did affix,
A bully fighting company stationed at Fort No 6.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Griffin was our Captain, a good little brick,
Paresene drilled the men till some got awful sick;
Our officers and privates were all good and true—
In the ranks were Majors, Colonels and Brigadiers, too.
Hurrah, &c.

City Councilmen, Judges, whose fame has never been sung,
Old men and striplings, who were going it while they were young;
And true *Adam Kahler*, boast and pride of the West-End,
Who will forever his flag and home defend.
Hurrah, &c.

We heard General Wallace had a fight at Frederick city,
That he had to fall back—Oh, what a pity;
For want of more men he was obliged to retire,
Yet still in good order, under heavy Rebel fire.
Hurrah, &c.

Alexander's Battery came into full play—
The Eleventh Maryland covered them bravely that day;
Our men did all that brave men could do—
They were every way outnumbered by the thieving Rebel crew.
Hurrah, &c.

The news of the fight gave us timely warning,
So we fell into ranks one hot July Sunday morning,
We marched right along, without fife or drum—
Aristocracy thought Yankee Doodle had come.
Hurrah, &c,

We bade adieu to home, sweethearts and wives—
For the Flag and the Union we had pledged our precious lives;
Resolved to do or die, as true Union Leagues had done before,
In defence of "My Maryland" and good old Baltimore.
Hurrah, &c.

When we marched in the Fort we were all a muck of sweat,
The fat men began to swear, fume and fret;
The pork, bread and fixings were all pretty hard,
But that was nothing to standing picket guard!
Hurrah, &c,

The first night in camp it was our sorry lot
To be picket sentry in an awful lonely spot,
Right close to a stream in a dense woody dell—
So still you could hear every leaf as it fell.
Hurrah, &c.

Capt. Stork, before going on guard, said we must call out *one —two*:
We sung out No. 1. Step out, you will do;
We did not know No. 1 was outside post—
If we had called No. 2, we wouldn't have seen a ghost!
Hurrah, &c.

Mallory formed the guard, we marched briskly out,
Near Woodbury Factory, where we faced right about,
The Sergeant of the squad placed each in his station—
On us depended the fate of the nation!
Hurrah, &c.

We loaded our gun, but we had'nt nary cap,
For fear it might go off if we took a little nap;
The orders were to challenge if anything comes by—
Who comes there? You Rebel thief, stand! Deliver or die!
Hurrah, &c.

About half-past eleven—the moon was in a fog—
Something went kerchug in the water, but it was only a frog:
We looked around quick, a giant we did spy,
To our staring eyeballs, at least twenty feet high!
Hurrah, &c.

Who's there? we shouted—Oh! he looked so awful big—
On examination it proved to be a little pine twig.
Next thing we challenged was an old hungry cow,
Which we came very near shooting any how.
Hurrah, &c.

Twelve o'clock came, still no relief to this youth—
We wanted a drink so bad we could'nt speak the truth;
But we screwed our courage up, said back down we would never,
To stand picket guard three hours we would endeavor.
Hurrah, &c.

We longed to hear Woodbury clock strike one,
For we knew then two-thirds of our watch would be done:
But the hours were the longest that ever you did see—
Every minute seemed a week to a dry man like me.
Hurrah, &c.

Our throat got drier, and drier, and drier—
The time to relieve guard seemed no nigher;
It got so very dark we began to get skeered—
Oh! how we wished we had never volunteered.
Hurrah, &c.

We thought over all we had done in our life,
Of all our wicked deeds before we took our wife,
Resolved to be good the balance of our days,
And never more indulge in youthful, sinful ways.
Hurrah, &c.

Oh! solitude, we said, where are your charms?
Let us but see some Rebels, we'd fly to our arms;
The very greatest enemy hail as a friend,
And shoot any man Harry Gilmor might send.
Hurrah, &c.

The trees now and then seemed exactly like men,
Singular, strange noises every now and then;
The more we tried to listen, the more we could'nt hear—
We looked every which way to see if nobody was near.
Hurrah, &c.

The Sergeant kindly said we might lean against a tree—
Oh! what a comfort to a fat man like me;
The print of the bark was all on our back.
Striped like a zebra, with welts blue and black.
Hurrah, &c.

Right to our left was a dense, close thicket,
Major Horner was there, the next door picket—
But we did'nt know that, or we could have had a song,
Or a game of checkers to push old time along.
Hurrah, &c.

At last we heard Woodbury clock strike two—
We crowed right out, *Cock-a-doodle-doo*—
Soon we will be off this duty so hard,
When they come along to relieve the picket guard.
Hurrah, &c.

We listened to the tramp—Oh! it was so long coming,
Another hour we thought they had given us for funning;
And when at last the relief did arrive,
We were the gladdest dog you ever saw alive.
Hurrah, &c.

He marched us to the place where our comrades were,
By this time we began to get over our big scare—
They all gathered round to know our sad fate,
Our experience as a picket to them we did relate.
Hurrah, &c.

Their hair stood on end to hear what we'd gone through,
They trembled as they listened, and looked black and blue,
Allowed it was terrible to be in such fear—
It was awful treatment for a full Brigadier!
Hurrah, &c.

They said we could lie down on the grass and sleep till five,
And then wake up if we were alive,
Scratch the gnats out of our hair, musquitoes from our eyes,
And turn somersets till we saw the sun rise.
Hurrah, &c.

As the day was breaking in the distance we did view,
A statue of Napoleon Bonaparte, in form striking true—
We rubbed our eyes, stared to see if there was no mistake—
It proved to be friend Kahler musing in a cane-brake.
Hurrah, &c.

If any one wanted to indulge in a wash,
He could go down to the spring and there take a splash:
The water is your mirror, after that take a drink
Of the beverage, which is better than cock-tails—some think.
Hurrah, &c.

The toilet being over, for breakfast all rush—
Who was that said fried chicken? Oh, hush!
A hard loaf of bread, creamless coffee, scalding hot,
Pork a foot thick—was all that we got.
Hurrah, &c.

Two or three pretty maidens came tripping thro' the grass;
Our sentry stopped them, wanted to see their pass—
We hoped they had some breakfast in their basket for us—
But they were a black-berrying, so we let them pass without a fuss.
Hurrah, &c.

The cows did not come, so we had no cream,
We looked up to the skies and on the milky-way did dream;
For a table-cloth we had two barrels and a board—
This was the best Uncle Sam could afford.
Hurrah, &c.

Some bologna and cheese was sent by our better half,
And a few buttered biscuits, which made us all laugh,
But one thing important she forgot to send—
It was an *eye-opener*, the true soldier's friend.
Hurrah, &c,

But city folks never had such an appetite,
Hark tack and fat pork we could tear and bite;
Take a nap on the grass, swallow fat pork right down,
Eat it raw, if it was only done a little brown.
Hurrah, &c.

Nature here was beautiful, and clear was the sky,
Every thing was lovely. and the goose hung high:
As hard as we found it, we must candidly say,
We should like to go a sodgering every other day.
Hurrah, &c.

We can become accustomed to any condition,
Reconcile ourselves to every position,
Eat sourkrout or roast beef, as the case may be—
What a blessing it is so, soliloquized we.
Hurrah, &c.

But we had to leave Fort No. 6, and retire,
Not from assault, starvation or Rebel fire—
The colored boomelallies in our place had to come,
So Fort No. 5 we took, and made our home.
Hurrah, &c.

Next door to a grave-yard, Oh! sorry day!
We prayed in this Fort we might not long stay;
It was about as bad as our first picket post,
At any time of night you might see a ghost.
Hurrah, &c.

The Colonel Commander of this said Fort,
Was one of the b'hoys of the right sort—
Invited us to supper—sardines in a box,
Which soon into flinders our friend Horner knocks.
Hurrah, &c.

We were with U. S. League, under Captain Lee,
As noble a clever fellow as you or me dare be,
We breakfasted together, among the grave-stones,
But there was nary picking spring-chicken bones.
Hurrah, &c.

We had to get a pass to come in to see our wife—
A soldier's life is not always gay, you may bet your life—
If you don't return when your time and pass is out,
You'll catch *lamb* and *peas*, and no sourkrout.
Hurrah, &c.

The Secesh at the Park of water would not let us sup,
Put a pad-lock on pump, so no use for our tin cup;
When they get down with Lazarus, and want a drink,
We hope they will, as they roll round, their parched tongues,
on the "Anderson League" think.
Hurrah, &c.

But there is one family, with pleasure we must mention,
Who extend to us, the most grateful attention;
Whose kind fair loyal faces, should be placed in golden frames,
And every one honor and bless the name of Ames.
Hurrah, &c.

We cannot name all the Leagues who nobly did their duty,
Who saved Baltimore from Rebel raid and booty,
They to a man promptly turned out on that day,
To them my poor muse will all homage pay.
Hurrah, &c.

We soldiered till the Rebels had all gone away—
General Wallace said we need not longer stay;
Old Maryland was safe—Washington and Baltimore—
The Union Leagues he praised for their aid o'er and o'er:—
said with an army like them the Union he'd restore, and
if the Rebs came again he would call on us once more!
Hurrah, &c.